WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR APRIL, 1806.

Embelliſhed with a fine Engraving, repreſenting BRITANNIA, crowned by VICTORY, weeping over the Aſhes of her darling SON.

Ζαω αισχρος αισχρως ὁ καλως πεφυκως.
SOPH.

Eulogy on the Merits of the late moſt Honourable General Marquis Cornwallis, K. G. late Governor-General of the Eaſt India Company's Poſſeſſions, Conſtable of the Tower of London, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the Tower Diviſion, &c. (With a Portrait, univerſally acknowledged to be an exact and correct Likeneſs.)

THE death of a general, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his military talents in three quarters of the globe, muſt neceſſarily be conſidered as a great loſs to his country. Our ambitious and powerful enemy threatens us with a Lyſimachus in every diviſion of his army; we therefore cannot loſe a Lyſander without great concern. The beſt writers on tactics have teſtified a preference for generals advancing in years, once younger leaders; they would, therefore, place more confidence in an Abercrombie and a Cornwallis, than in a Lake. This opinion, however, does not by any means contradict the aſſertion, that ſome of the young French generals are not inferior in military ſkill to the oldeſt officers on the continent; for it has been aſſerted (and we are not diſpoſed to contradict the aſſertion) that moſt of Bonaparte's generals have gained a ſeven years experience in the courſe of a ſingle campaign.

To this true, but extraordinary cauſe, added to the zeal which the cry of civil liberty or military glory enkindles in the breaſt of a Frenchman, may we aſcribe the phenomenon of a lawyer's clerk emulating a Xenophon, and a tavern-keeper rivalling a Turenne. But independently of the intrinſic value of the marquis Cornwallis, as a Britiſh officer, the loſs of him at this time, and in ſuch a ſituation, ſeems peculiarly unfortunate to the intereſts of the ſtate. Our poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies form one of the three main pillars on which the greatneſs and wealth of our empire reſts. Such a man, being as experienced in the cabinet as practiced in the field, was wanted in that diſtant part of our dominions, to conciliate the minds of thoſe numerous people whom we would familiarize to our yoke; and to oppoſe, in a ſilent but effectual manner, the artful influence our watchful and implacable adverſary will always be ready to employ in our diſfavour among the native powers of that vaſt peninſula. The wealth which we have drawn from that rich country, if not permanently ſecured to us, may be ſaid to have conſtituted our chief weakneſs.

Lord Nelſon's laſt victory may be

conſidered as keeping the way to our poſſeſſions in the eaſt ſafely open to us; but the death of lord Cornwallis affords no conſolation of the kind to leſſen our ſorrow. Such a ſilver-haired hero was wanted to attemper the rigour which has too often manifeſted itſelf in the councils, whether military or civil, of Indoſtan. Where can we look for his ſucceſſor, with the ſame hope, or with ſo little fear? There has no appointment taken place, during the preſent reign, in which the whole cabinet more completely agreed, than in that of the marquis Cornwallis to the governor generalſhip of India.—It ſatisfied every one but the veteran ſoldier himſelf. He rather acquieſced, than rejoiced in it. The deſires of his ſovereign ſent him away once before, to the ſacrifice of his domeſtic enjoyments. The united wiſhes of king and people prevailed on him this time, to hazard his remaining ſtrength in a long voyage, and a trying climate. He felt a preſentiment that his health would not be equal to the taſk; for, on ſome recommendations from his friends, to place their ſons, as aids-de-camp, &c. about his perſon, he has been heard to ſay, 'Do not expect me to perſuade, or invite you to go out with me. You may certainly count upon my friendſhip, but muſt not rely too much on the continuance of my life and power.' His fears were but too well founded; no ſooner had he reached the ſeat of power in Bengal, than the inviſible governor of worlds removed him from this earth, and left him only the reputation of having honourably fulfilled his career in it.

Marquis Cornwallis, when laſt appointed to the government of India, where he arrived the latter end of 1805, was in his 67th year; and his accepting the duties of ſo arduous a ſtation, at ſo great diſtance too from his native ſcenes, proves how paramount the intereſts of his country were to every other conſideration. His death occurred at a moment truly critical; at a moment when men of ſimilar talents and judgment are more than ever required. It has been juſtly obſerved, that he was calculated better than any man to cure the wounds inflicted by our Indian ſyſtem. His inflexible integrity and his moderation would have reconciled thoſe native powers who had always placed the moſt unbounded confidence in his word, and had never reaſon to repent of the pledges they accepted. His character has been thus ſummed up.——'Marquis Cornwallis was the wiſeſt governor of India, and the only one, who encouraged a ſyſtem of peace and conciliation. His idea of the government was that of a territory not to be extended, but improved—a country not to be oppreſſed but reconciled. His character was happily conformable to the principles of his government; age and temperament had cooled his ambition, and given him views above it. Simplicity and honeſty were the ſtrong traits of his character; and ſuch was his moderation and benevolence, that, ſecure from every falſe temptation of glory, he ſpurned the mean ambition, the inglorious rapacity, the ignoble avarice, of trampling upon, exterminating and plundering the ſubject-powers of this vaſt empire, and ſwelling the train of Indian vaſſals. But above all he abhorred that low intrigue, ſo well known by the name of ſubſidiary-treaties. Too generous to govern by intrigue, too honeſt to rule by force, he was deſirous to lay the foundations of his government in the common acknowledgment and perception of its juſtice. His code of Indian law was humanity.' Immediately on his arrival, the noble marquis had taken on himſelf the fatigues of his high office, and was proceeding into the interior to aſſume the command of the army in perſon, when he was attacked with a violent fever, which in three days terminated his valuable exiſtence. He died at Ghazepoor, in the province of Benares.

CALCUTTA GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1805.

Fort William.

WITH ſentiments of the deepeſt ſorrow and regret, the government announces the deceaſe of the moſt honourable Charles marquis Cornwallis, knight

governor general of the East India company's poſſeſſions, and commander in chief of his majeſty's and the honourable company's land forces in the East Indies.

This afflicting and greatly to be deplored event took place on Saturday the 5th inſtant, at Ghazepoor, in the province of Benares, where his lordſhip had arrived, in his progreſs to join and to aſſume the perſonal command of the army in the field: as well as for the purpoſe of accompliſhing other important objects intimately connected with the ſafety of the ſtate.

During a long and active life, diſtinguiſhed by eminently honourable and arduous exertions in the ſervice of his country, this illuſtrious and revered nobleman manifeſted all the energies combined with all the virtues which can dignify exalted public ſtation, and adorn the ſphere of private life.

As a patriot, a ſtateſman, a warrior, and a man, the character of marquis Cornwallis ſhines with diſtinguiſhed luſtre.

The records of the Britiſh empire in Europe and in Aſia bear ample teſtimony to the ſplendid and important ſervices rendered by him, in different quarters of the globe, to his ſovereign and his country.

To the Eaſt India company, the memory of marquis Cornwallis is peculiarly endeared. To the ſervice of his country in India were devoted ſome of the moſt vigorous years of his valuable life; and there, at an advanced period of it, it has pleaſed Divine Providence to terminate his earthly career of honour and of glory.

Britiſh India will ever be proud to aſſociate with its happineſs, its proſperity, and renown, the grateful remembrance of its venerated benefactor, marquis Cornwallis; and the native powers of India will ſincerely regret a man, who ſo deſervedly poſſeſſed their unbounded confidence, and higheſt eſteem.

By his ſovereign, and his country, the death of marquis Cornwallis will be deplored as a public calamity.—Europe at large, to whom his fame and his virtues have long been familiar, will lament the loſs of ſuch exalted and reſpected worth; and hiſtory will record his magnanimity, his benevolence, his love of juſtice, his inflexible integrity, his ardent valour, his wiſe and prudent policy, as eminently worthy of imitation, and praiſe.

The flag of Fort William to be immediately hoiſted half ſtaff high, and to continue ſo until ſunſet.

Minute guns, ſixty-ſix in number, correſponding with the age of the deceaſed, to be fired from the ramparts of Fort William.

Similar marks of reſpect, with the ſolemnities ſuitable to the mournful occaſion, to be paid to the memory of marquis Cornwallis, at all the principal military ſtations and poſts dependant upon this preſidency; and copies of the proceeding orders to be tranſmitted to the government of fort St. George, Bombay, and prince of Wales Iſland, and alſo to the government of the Britiſh poſſeſſions on the iſland of Ceylon.

By order of government,

J. LUMSDEN, chief ſec. to the govt.

The Calcutta gazette of the 26th of October, ſtates that at a general meeting of the inhabitants, it was reſolved—

'That in addition to the general mourning which has been adopted, as a public token of the concern felt by this ſettlement on the death of marquis Cornwallis, a mauſoleum be erected with the permiſſion of goverment over the place of his interment at Gazeepore, as a memorial of eſteem and reverence for his virtues, and of gratitude for his eminent ſervices.'

Committees were at the ſame time elected for India and Europe, to carry the above reſolution into execution.—The committee for Europe conſiſts of lord Teignmouth, general A. Roſs, colonel A. Kyd, ſir J. Gore, and G. A. Robinſon, eſq.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY, after ratifying the vote by which the honours of ſepulture had been decreed

to

to marquis Cornwallis in India, agreed to wear mourning during the ſpace of one calendar month, as a teſtimony of their reſpect for the character of this nobleman, and as expreſſive of the regret with which they ſuffered the deprivation of his ſervices.

LORD CORNWALLIS appears uniformly to have diſdained the mercenary trade of politics. It has already been ſtated, that, on the queſtion concerning the 'bill for ſecuring the legiſlative power of Great Britain over the American colonies,' he was one of *five peers* who refuſed their aſſent to the meaſure. This ineffectual oppoſition being headed by the venerable earl Camden, lord Mansfield took occaſion to rally their leader, on account of the *youth* of his aſſociates.—'Poor Camden!' exclaimed the then chief juſtice, 'could you only get four boys to ſupport you?'

Notwithſtanding ſome difference in opinion among our parliamentary heads, as to certain meaſures adopted by lord Cornwallis during his adminiſtation of the government of Ireland, his conduct, in other reſpects, has lately received the unqualified approbation of both houſes of the Britiſh legiſlature. *All parties concurred in admiration of his various talents, and in acknowledging the ſplendour of his achievements.*

He, indeed, largely contributed to that UNION OF INTEREST AND POWER, which, it was hoped, would have conſolidated the reſources of the BRITISH EMPIRE! Whatever diſſentions, therefore, formerly attended the diſcuſſion of this momentous tranſaction, certainly the moſt important one in the hiſtory of our domeſtic polity, *every friend to the empire muſt ardently deprecate the revival of ſentiments that can tend only to ſubvert the expectations of our common country,* UNITY AND INVINCIBILITY!! *and gratify the malignity of our common enemy.*

Of inconſiſtency reſpecting the union with Ireland, lord Cornwallis is not to be accuſed. *He ſupported the claim for catholic emancipation, and reſigned his vice regal powers when that claim was afterwards rejected.*

[For correct Memoirs of this nobleman, ſee pages 144, 145, 146, 147 of our laſt.]

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

FEBRUARY 21.

THE Oratorios commenced at Covent-garden theatre, for the lent ſeaſon, under the able management of the Aſhleys. The principal vocal performers were, meſſrs. Braham, Doyle, Gibbons, Smith, and Pyne; ſignora Storace, mrs. Dickons (late miſs Poole), mrs. Salmon (late miſs Munday), and mrs. Bland. The performances have been generally well attended.

March 8.] At the ſame theatre was produced, for the firſt time, a comedy, called 'A HINT TO HUSBANDS.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Tranſit, mr. C. Kemble;—Sir Charles le Brun, mr. H. Johnſton;—Heartright, mr. Pope;—Fairford, mr. Fawcett;—George Trevor, mr. Brunton;—Pliant, mr. Farley;—Harry Summer, mr. Field;—Hardiman, mr. Jefferies;—Codicil, mr. Emery;—O'Dogherty, mr. Blanchard.

Lady Tranſit, miſs Smith;—Lady le Brun, mrs. Glover;—Ruth, mrs. Emery.

FABLE.

Lord Tranſit, a young nobleman of many pretenſions, becomes captivated with the natural charms of a girl in an humble ſtation, and marries her; but ſoon growing weary of retirement, he launches into the mazes of diſſipation, and ſends Lady Tranſit back to her family. At the time of their marriage, Fairford, the father of his lady, was in Ruſſia on a commercial ſpeculation, and his family were left in rather diſtreſſed circumſtances; but, on the return of Lady Tranſit to her father's reſidence, ſhe finds him juſt arrived, and poſſeſſed of a conſiderable property, in conſequence of the death of the principal partner in the continental firm. He becomes reconciled to his daughter, who had married without his permiſſion, and places a conſiderable ſum of money in her hands to maintain her dignity; but which ſhe privately tranſmits to her huſband, to relieve him from the embarraſſments in which his diſſipated conduct had involved him. In the mean time, Lord

Tranſit

Transit, struck with remorse, and considering himself degraded by the levity of his town companions, eagerly wishes for a reconciliation with his wife; particularly on being undeceived by Trevor, a young officer, the nephew of Fairford, with regard to his suspicions of an intrigue between his Lady and Sir Charles le Brun; the parties are brought together at the house of Lady le Brun; and Fairford, who had discovered by some papers the benevolence of Lord Transit to his wife during his absence abroad, relieves his Lordship from great embarrassment by relinquishing a considerable claim that he held upon his estates, and consents to his daughter's reconcilement. —There is a sort of counter-plot, which consists in the mutual attempts of Lord Transit and Sir Charles le Brun to seduce each others wives; but which are rendered unsuccessful by the rigid morality of one lady, and the candid ridicule of the other.

This performance is from the pen of that respectable veteran mr. Cumberland, and bears many marks of its author. Its reception annexes it to the number of his successful dramatic efforts; but its merits are certainly inferior to those of some other of the productions for which we are indebted to the same pen. If, however, we cannot upon this occasion bestow unqualified praise, it must be acknowledged that it is no small merit, in the present state of the drama, to afford little room for censure. The plot, as may be seen from the above sketch, is very simple. It is indeed almost developed at the commencement of the piece; but the author has contrived, by some happy situations and incidents, to preserve a certain degree of interest to the conclusion.

We discovered in this piece the same refinement of sentiment, correctness of moral, chasteness of dialogue, and terseness and elegance of diction, that have invariably characterised the dramatic productions of this author. But while we admire these leading excellencies, we have to regret the absence of that wit, whim, and humour, which constitute the *vis comica*, and without which dramatic productions, however well written, will ever appear languid on the stage.

We can afford in this piece but little claim of originality of character.—*Fairford* resembles too much the portrait of *Job Thornberry*, in *John Bull*; in which, under a rough exterior, are concealed the tenderest feelings and most benevolent sentiments. *Pliant* is another Marplot, but not so amusing. As to *Lord Transit*, he is wicked enough to be disliked, but has not interest enough for the hero of a piece.—Emery and Blanchard were not at home in *Codicil* and *O'Dogherty*: the former gave a poor imitation of an upright and blunt attorney; and the latter could make nothing of the Irishman.—This character might have been made an English servant, without prejudice to the play. We were sorry to see so respectable a comedian as Blanchard so out of his element*.

The prologue and epilogue were well delivered by mr. Brunton and miss Smith.

There were some slight symptoms of opposition in the third and fourth acts; but the piece was finally announced for repetition amid the general plaudits of a very crouded audience, and has been several times repeated.

22.] Master Betty acted *Oroonoko* for the first time, and was well received. But mr. Charles Kemble's *Aboan* more than shared the plaudits of the evening: it was a very vigorous and impressive performance.

24.] At the same theatre, a miss Taylor made her first appearance on any stage, in the character of *Zorayda*, in *The Mountaineers*, and was favourably received. By attention and practice, this fair *debutante* may im-

NOTE.

* *In the printed play (for it has since been published) mr. Cumberland has very liberally apologised for mr. Blanchard's deficiencies, and taken the blame upon himself. The comedy, we find was originally written for Drury-lane, and the part of O'Dogherty intended for mr. Johnstone.*

prove

prove her present qualifications for the stage.

A Short Sermon.

IN a certain county in Ireland, where the labourers in the spiritual vineyard are often obliged to fiddle as well as to pray, for the necessary support of themselves and families, lives an honest and ingenious man of the sacred profession, who has a great deal of duty to perform, for which he receives a very inadequate recompence. One Sunday in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play several airs on the violin, (he being an excellent performer on that instrument,) he delivered the following incomparable sermon to his parishioners: which for brevity, method, point and moral, we recommend to the attentive perusal of every sincere Christian.

JOB. I.—21.

'*Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.*'

'In discoursing from these words, I shall observe the three following things:

'First, man's ingress into the world;

'Secondly, his progress through the world;

'And Thirdly, his egress out of the world.

'To return,

'First, man's ingress into the world, is *naked* and *bare*;

'Secondly, his progress through the world, is *trouble* and *care*;

'And thirdly, his egress out of the world, is *nobody knows where*.'

To conclude.

'If we do well here, we shall be well there;

'And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.'

Humourous Letter.

To the Printer of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

THE insertion in your entertaining miscellany of the following letter, which may furnish instruction to those who wish to excel in the tittle-tattle style of scandalous and mysterious correspondence, will much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

A Letter of the utmost consequence, containing the principles of all languages, from miss Z———, to miss A———.

DEAR MISS A———.

The affair of count B—— is now the common talk of the town. The violation of miss C——'s honour has caused the resentment of the duke of D——. The earl of E—— has applied, though I am afraid to no purpose to major-general F——, whose disposition, my dear, you know is violent and furious. In short, he declares he will come to no terms 'till he has seen sir John G——, and had a conversation with captain H——. Is it not astonishing that captain H——, who is only a half-pay officer, should be thought to be of proper authority to arbitrate this business? H——, however, has availed himself of the superior understanding of Jack I———. Jack I—— (you know his ridiculous way of picking his nose, and scratching his monstrous Brutus wig,) a frightful creature!—Well, but to go on with my story: I—— has left it to doctor K——. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure, if chewing tobacco will do the business, the doctor will do the business, the doctor will be infallible. But—— would you think it?—the matter is shuffled off from doctor K—— to doctor L——, from doctor L—— to squire M——, from squire M—— to sir Nathan N——, from sir Nathan N—— to my lord O——. Messrs. P——, Q——, R——, and S——, have certainly behaved in the politest manner in the world; and T——, notwithstanding the closest affair, has acted really beyond expectation. As for miss U—— not depending on her single judgment, she called in the assistance of miss W——. With regard to his excellency count X——, I am obliged to be silent.

I am, My dearest, dearest miss,

Yours ever, Z. Z.

P. S. You may depend that in relation to * and ** and ***, eternal secrecy shall be observed.

On

On the Paſſions.

THE paſſions are the gales by which man muſt ſteer his courſe through the troubled ocean of life; they fill the ſails which give motion to the ſoul; and when they become turbulent and impetuous, the veſſel is always in danger, and generally runs a-ground. The petty cares and trifling vexations of life, however, give but ſhort-lived diſturbance to a heart free from remorſe. Philoſophy teaches us to forget paſt uneaſineſs, to forbear idle ſpeculations of approaching felicity, and to reſt contented with preſent comforts, without refining away our exiſting happineſs, by wiſhing that which is really good to be ſtill better. Every thing is much better than we imagine. A mind too anxious in the expectation of happineſs, is ſeldom ſatisfied, and generally mixes with its higheſt fruition a certain portion of diſcontent. The ſtream of content muſt flow from a deliberate diſpoſition in our own minds to learn what is good, and a determined reſolution to ſeek for and enjoy it, however ſmall the portion may be.

A Jealous Man

IS a melancholy he-cat—a wild man—a ſtaring man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chaſe. He ſighs, beats his breaſt, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair? though ever ſo honeſt ſhe is falſe. Is ſhe witty? then ſhe is wanton. Speaks any friend to her? he wooes her.—Smiles ſhe on him? there is a promiſe. Is ſhe merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is ſhe ſad? ſhe will anon be be merry abroad. Is ſhe gone far from home? then his heads aches, and his breaſt pants. Stays ſhe out long? then he is horn-mad, and runs bellowing like a bull, up and down to find her.

His body grows lean with fretting—his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his careleſſneſs. Old age claps him on the ſhoulder, while he is yet young; and his head grows white, before it is old. His children he will not love, becauſe he ſuſpects they are baſtards. He is never merry at heart, never ſleeps ſoundly; never ſits, but ſighs; never walks, but is diſtracted: and dies in deſpair, to leave her to any other.

On Opportunity.

WHAT is this opportunity, that is ſo frequently ſpoken of? It is the turn of Fortune's tide, that may waft us into port; an invitation from circumſtances; a happy adaption of things to our views, hopes, or advantage. To whom is it preſented?—Frequently to the blind, timid, or prudent. Who have availed themſelves of it?—Anſwer—All thoſe who have raiſed themſelves to proſperity.' Is the uſe or abuſe of it the moſt frequent?—Anſwer—'The ſcale of miſery weighs heavieſt!' That arrangement of circumſtances that did lead, or might have conducted us, to a pleaſing iſſue, is called opportunity. What name is there for the aſſemblage of things that lead us to ruin?—Anſwer—'None.' A.

Select Sentences.

There is but *one* teſt of friendſhip: a teſt by which no one would try the genuineneſs of it;—and this is, *neceſſity:* and yet, without that, it is not eaſy to know whether the profeſſions of our friends flow from the *heart*, or only ſtream from the *lips*.

Marriage ſecrets ſhould never be revealed, for wives and huſbands, by divulging them, only proclaim their folly and imprudence. The wife, among the wedded, keep their pleaſures and pains within their own boſoms.

Straws ſwim upon the ſurface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Shewy parts ſtrike every common eye, but ſolid ones are only to be diſcerned by the moſt accurate obſervers of the human head and human heart.

If *thoſe* who have a very high opinion of *themſelves*, and treat others with a ſupercilious air, were ſenſible *how*

ridiculous they appear in the eyes of the perſons whome they affect to hold in contempt, they would ſoon lower their ſails, and behave with more politeneſs, humanity and decorum.

No *fluſhes* of good humour, no *ſudden ſtarts* of liberty, can make *amends* for the *pain* we endure, from the *freaks* of *imperiouſneſs*, and the *inſults* of *oppreſſion*.

The moſt neceſſary virtue, that gives woman the greateſt of power, is modeſty. This amiable quality influences and features, the air, the mind, in ſuch a manner, that every thing ſhocks us where this is wanting.

We muſt allow that there are ſome virtues, which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wiſhes never may be called for. *Patience* is one of them. She is an excellent phyſician to a *diſeaſed mind*, but would any body deſire to be ſick for the ſake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Eſculapius himſelf?

As often as we are oppreſſed by evils, reſulting either from our own miſmanagement, unexpected accidents, or the inſcrutable views of Providence, our *buſineſs* is to ſuffer with decency—and our *duty* to improve by ſuffering.

Women in their nature are more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal ſpirits more light and volatile; or whether, as ſome have imagined, there may not be a kind of ſex in the very ſoul, I ſhall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They ſhould each of them, therefore, *keep a watch* upon the particular *bias* which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw *too much*, and lead them out of the paths of reaſon. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and ſevere, and the other that of being briſk and gay. Men ſhould beware of being captivated by a ſort of ſavage philoſophy——Women by a thoughtleſs gallantry. Where theſe precautions are not obſerved, the man often degenerates into a cynic; the woman into a coquette:——the man grows ſullen and moroſe; the woman impertinent and fantaſtical.

Were it poſſible for the eye to view, through the ſkin, the mechaniſm of our own body, the ſight would overwhelm us! Durſt we make a ſingle movement, if we ſaw our blood circulating, the nerves pulling, the lungs blowing, the humours filtrating, and all the incomprehenſible aſſemblage of fibres, tubes, pumps, currents, pivots, which ſuſtain an exiſtence at once ſo frail and ſo preſumptuous!

The *reſentment*, produced by *ſincerity*, whatever be its cauſe, is *ſo certain*, and generally *ſo keen*, that very few have magnanimity ſufficient to the practice of a duty, which, above all other duties expoſes its votaries to hardſhips and perſecutions. Yet friendſhip without it, ſeems of leſs value: ſince the greateſt uſe of ſo cloſe an intimacy is, that our *virtues* may be guarded and *encouraged*, and our *vices* or errors *repreſſed*, in their firſt appearance, by timely detection and ſalutary remonſtrances.

Nothing is more grievous to a ſoul, naturally ſenſible and virtuous, than the receiving marks of eſteem which it no longer deſerves.

A ſoul intoxicated with *good fortune* vents itſelf wherever it can. The *confidence* of a ſoul in affliction is far more flattering and affecting.

Is not care to adorn oneſelf a proof of humility; as it ſhews we are deſirous to pleaſe?

The ſingle effort by which we ſtop ſhort, in the down-hill path to perdition, is, itſelf, a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of juſtice.

To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleaſure and convenience of our lives! How many *ſeeming accidents* muſt unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peaſant muſt be diſpoſed to labour; the ſhower muſt fall; the wind muſt fill the merchant's ſails; or numbers muſt want the cuſtomary ſupply.

Q. Z.

The

Trial of Mr. Richard Patch, for the Murder of Mr. Blight.

Yesterday morning, April 6, so great was the interest excited by the approaching investigation, that by five o'clock a vast concourse of the populace had surrounded the avenues to the Sessions-house, Horsemonger-lane. On the opening of the Court, it was with the utmost difficulty that the Law Officers, and others whose appearance was necessary, could obtain an entrance. The constables made every exertion to confine the ingress to such persons as were of a respectable appearance; but the populace pressed forward with such eagerness, that the Court was filled almost instantaneously. The persons of rank who obtained admission were, the dukes of Sussex, Cumberland, and Orleans; lords Portsmouth, Grantley, Cranley, Montford, William Russell, Deerhurst, and G. Seymour; sir John Frederick, sir John Shelly, sir Thomas Turton, sir William Clayton, sir J. Mawbery; Count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador, and his secretary.

In consequence of the smallness of the court, it had been suggested that no persons should be admitted but those who obtained tickets, which were to have been issued by the sheriff; but on this circumstance reaching the ear of the lord chief baron, he, with a most praiseworthy regard for the privileges of the subject, objected to any partial admission of auditors, on the ground that it was unconstitutional for a prisoner in so awful a situation to be tried in a close court. He therefore ordered that the court should be kept clear till the judge, counsel, and prisoner had entered, and then be thrown open to the public.

The prisoner mr. Patch, was conducted into court soon after nine o'clock, and took his station at the bar, attended by two or three friends. He was genteelly dressed in black, and perfect composure marked his countenance and manner. Precisely at ten o'clock, the lord chief baron Macdonald took his station on the bench, and the business of the commission was opened by arraigning the prisoner in the usual form. To the indictment he pleaded, in an audible voice, "Not Guilty," and put himself on his trial. So excessive was the crowd become in the court, at this time, wedged by an assemblage that pressed at the door-ways from the exterior, that it was some time before a jury could be got together. Those who were in court could with difficulty, though assisted, on answering to their names, move towards the box allotted to them.

Mr. Patch peremptorily challenged three jurors, viz. mr. James Brown, of Battersea; John Tanner, of Grove-lane; and James Kite, of Putney, tailor. The following jury were then sworn.

Charles Smith, of Merton,
Thomas Daly, of Barnes,
John Leighton, of Putney.
John Cape, of Putney.
Isaac Iliff, of Mudd.
Henry Wood, of Putney.
J. Wedge, of Wandsworth.
Thomas Bartlett, of Merton.
George Moore, of Putney.
George Smith, of Putney.
D. Longson, Wandsworth.
T. Chapman, of Putney.

Besides the above, seven other jurors were called, and ordered to remain in the court during the trial; two of them were objected to by the prisoner, and consequently dismissed; as were also the remaining jurors, whose names appeared upon the panel, which contained a list of seventy.

Mr. Knapp, the clerk of the arraigns, then stated to the Jury the nature of the indictment, which charged the prisoner with having, on the 23d September last, in the parish of St. Mary Rotherhithe, made an assault on Isaac Blight, with a pistol and leaden bullet, and inflicted a mortal wound therewith, on his right side, of which he lingered until the 24th, and then died.

Mr. Pooley having briefly opened the case on the part of the prosecution, mr. Garrow rose. He began by touching upon the awful nature of the duty imposed upon him—the necessity of the jury attending to the evidence with the utmost care. He noticed, and deplored

the long details which had been published upon the subject, and begged the jury to dismiss them from their minds. He then said he should proceed to state the relative situation of the prisoner and the deceased, and the nature of the premises where the transaction took place. —From the account he should give of the premises, it would result that it was absolutely impossible that the deceased could have met his death from any other hand—he should then detail other circumstances, whence the same result must necessarily follow. Mr. Garrow then proceeded to state, that mr. Blight was a ship-breaker—that he had a sister of the prisoner for his servant in the spring of 1803—that the prisoner visited his sister; expressed himself distressed, and entered into mr. Blight's service for victuals and drink; afterwards he had a salary. Mr. G. then detailed the circumstance of mr. Blight's having been in embarrassed circumstances, and of having made some transfer to the prisoner in 1803. Last August mr. Blight went to Margate, and the prisoner conducted his business, and was to receive one-fourth of the profits, for which he was to pay 1200l.—200l. he did pay, and he gave a draft for one thousand pounds on one Goom. On the 16th of September the said Goom could not take the draft up. A fresh one was given, which was to be due Sept. 20. On the 19th Sept. mr. Blight went to Margate; the prisoner was left at Deptford; he sent the servant, Kitchener, for oysters. Whilst she was absent, a gun was fired through the shutters; which gun, mr Garrow said, he meant to say was not fired by any enemy but the prisoner, with a view to the fatal catastrophe. From the nature of the premises, no person could escape from the gate nor by water. On the next day the prisoner wrote to Blight, giving him an account of the transaction, and concluded by saying he should be glad to see him. Blight arrived in town on the 23d September; the prisoner did not say that the 1000l. draft was not taken up, but led the deceased to believe the money was safe; he then went to London on a strict charge to bring back the money. On his return they spent the evening together, and for the first time in the back-parlour, where the deceased was shot. At eight o'clock the prisoner quitted the deceased, and went to Kitchener, and asked for the key of the counting-house, stating himself to be ill.—He went through the counting-house to the privy, and shut the door hard.—Kitchener instantly saw the flash of the pistol, and Blight came into the kitchen wounded.—She rushed to the door, and shut the street-door. The difficulty here was, that she should have heard the privy door shut, and the pistol fired at the parlour door at the same moment. The prisoner came in immediately to Blight.—Mr. Garrow then proceeded to state, that when the surgeon, mr. Ashley Cooper, was called in, he asked the deceased whom he suspected?—The answer was, mr. Patch tells me he has reason to suspect one Webster. But mr. G. said, he would prove that he was not the murderer, by shewing where he was at the time; he named another person of the name of Clarke, because he had a quarrel with Blight, but the man would be proved to have been elsewhere. Mr. Garrow next proceeded to dwell upon the motives that could have induced the prisoner to commit the murder. He wished to possess part of the business without payment of the consideration money. In all his representations about the draft for 1000l there was not one word of truth. What was his conduct subsequent to the event? He told mrs. Blight the 1000l. was paid, and got the papers relative to the business from mrs. Blight; he talked to the witness Kitchener as to what she should say: he was in uniform practice of wearing boots; but he should prove, that when Blight was murdered, he had shoes and stockings—the stockings were found in his sleeping-room, plastered with mud, such as was on the wharf. The pistol he could not produce, but the ramrod was found in the privy.

The first witness called was mr. Richard Frost, a publican, who kept the Dog and Duck. The first part of his testimony

testimony, for he was called in a second time, related merely to the fact of the death of mr. Blight. He stated, that on the morning of the 23d. Sept. last, he was sent for by the prisoner, in consequence of the deceased having been killed by a pistol shot; he went, and found him leaning on his hands and wounded.

Mr. Astley Cooper said, he was called in to the assistance of mr. Blight; upon examining him, he found he had received a wound near the navel, and another in the groin. He observed that they were gun shot wounds, and as the body of the deceased was considerably inflated, he pronounced them mortal; he observed the bowels coming through the wounds. The next morning Patch came to him, said the deceased was in extreme pain, and wished to know whether any thing could be done for him. The witness told him he feared there could not. This was about seven in the morning. He rose and went to him, and found him in a very swollen state. He promised to return in the afternoon with a physician. He went to town, and came back about four o'clock with doctor Barrington; but mr Blight had been dead about three quarters of an hour. He had not the smallest doubt that the wounds were the occasion of his death.

Richard Frost was again called up to speak to the firing of the gun. He stated, that on Thursday the 19th, "there was the report of the firing of a gun at mr. Blight's house;" he went out to ascertain the cause, but did not perceive any person coming from the premises, and he was in a situation in which, had the person who fired it attempted to make his escape, he must have observed him—it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and it was dark, but he was near enough to have seen any one run away, or climb the wall.

Miss Ann Davis and miss Martha Davis, sisters, who happened to be walking by the premises in a different direction from the last witness, stated, that they also saw the flash, and heard the report of a gun, and must have seen any person attempting to escape; but all was quiet, and they concluded that the gun was fired by some one on the premises.

After this head of evidence to establish that the gun fired on the Thursday preceding the death of mr Blight was not by any stranger, but by the prisoner, witnesses were then called to relate the circumstances which occurred on the 23d.

Mr. Michael Wright stated, that he was going past mr. Blight's house a little after eight, when he heard the report of a pistol in the house, and having become acquainted by rumour of the former attempt, he was induced to go up to the house with a view to offer his assistance—he knocked for some time, but was not admitted; but insisting on having the door opened, mr. Patch made his appearance, and began informing him what a dreadful accident had happened. The witness was impatient at hearing this story, and thought that some means should be rather adopted to pursue the murderer, and recommended Patch to commission him to apply to Bow-street, as an enquiry taking place instantly after the assassination, would most probably be attended with success. Patch seemed reluctant, and thought that no good effect could result from it. The witness was rather indignant at his assistance not being accepted, and he therefore went away.

Hester Kitchenor's applied to the two days—she stated, that on the 19th, she had been ordered by the prisoner to shut up the shutters of the house rather earlier than usual.—Her master and mistress were then at Margate.—At eight o'clock the prisoner sent her out for some oysters, and, as she returned, she heard the report of a gun; but through the court-yard, the only passage to the house, she did not see any one. When she saw Patch he cried—"Oh, Hester, I have been shot at."—She rejoined—"Lord forbid."—They then looked for the ball, which she found. The witness continued to state that her master returned to town on Monday morning; that in the evening he and the prisoner drank tea together, and afterwards had some grog. Her master was fatigued, heavy, and sleepy with

his journey and liquor. Patch came down in a hurry to her in the kitchen, and complaining of a pain in his bowels, wanted a light to go into the yard. She gave it to him, as also the key of the counting-house, through which it was necessary he should pass. She heard him enter the back place and slap the door after him, and immediately she heard the report of the pistol. Her master immediately ran down into the kitchen, exclaiming, "O Hester, I am a dead man!" and supported himself upon the dresser. She ran up to shut the door, and as she was half way down the passage, on her return, she heard Patch knocking violently for admittance. He asked what was the matter; she told him; on which he went down and offered his assistance. He asked the deceased if he knew of any one who could owe him a grudge? mr. Blight answered, No, as he was not at enmity with any man in the world.

Mr. Christopher Morgan was passing by when the fatal shot was fired; he went to the house, and saw mr. Blight lying in the wounded situation, and recommended mr. Patch, in the first instance, to search the premises all over. Patch told him, and his friend mr. Berry who was with mr. M. to go and search an old ship that was off the wharf, as he had reason to think that the perpetrator might have escaped there, as he heard a noise in that direction on the night when the shot was fired.—They went, but found that the ship was lying at the distance of 16 feet from the wharf; that it was low water: that from the top of the wharf to the mud was ten feet, that the soil was soft mud, and that any one who might attempt that way must have been up to his middle; besides, the mud did not bear the appearance of any one having passed through it; he was therefore perfectly convinced that no one escaped over the wharf towards the water.—Mr. Berry corroborated this evidence.

Mr. Stonard Smith, and five others who happened to be in different directions leading from mr. Blight's house to the public roads, most distinctly proved that when the shot was fired, which killed mr. Blight, every thing was quiet on the outside of the premises; that there was no appearance of any person attempting to escape, and if there had, that there was no possibility of their eluding observation.

The next series of evidence went to infer, that the prisoner was carrying on a system of delusion and fraud against the deceased, in respect to certain pecuniary transactions between them. It was proved by mrs. Blight, the deceased's widow, that her husband, who had fallen into some embarrassments, had, in order to mask his property, made a nominal assignment of it to Patch but the assignment was not to be carried into effect, unless the trustees of his creditors should, as he apprehended, become importunate. This confidential assignment Patch wished to convert into an absolute sale for consideration given on his part; but mrs. Blight declared, that he had not ever paid her husband any money, except 250l. part of 1,250l the consideration for a share of his business.

The next strong branch of evidence referred to the stockings which the prisoner had on the night that mr. Blight lost his life. It was proved that he generally wore boots, but the witnesses memory enabled them to say, that he had white stockings on during the evening of the 23d. Mr. Stafford, of the police office, stated, that on examining the bed-room of mr. Patch, they were folded up like a clean pair, but that on opening them, the soles appeared dirty, as if a person had walked in them without shoes; the inference from this was, that the prisoner had taken off his shoes in order that he might walk out of the necessary without being heard by the maid.

The last important fact was the discovery of the ramrod of the pistol in the privy, and the proof that that place had not recently been visited by any person suffering under a bowel complaint. This, and a vast variety of circumstantial evidence, which the lateness of the hour will not admit of our detailing, concluded the case on the part of the crown.

DEFENCE.

DEFENCE.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, addressed the court.

Prisoner.—"I beg, my lord, that the paper I hold in my hand may be read by one of the gentlemen in court."

Mr. Knapp then perused the paper handed from the prisoner, which was to the following effect:—it commenced with expressions of gratitude for the means which had been taken to procure him a fair trial. Whatever might be the result with regard to an individual, was of no consequence; but the cause of public justice would be promoted by the impartiality of these proceedings, and that was at all times of the highest importance. He could not enter on his defence without avowing the gratitude he felt for the attention his lordship had paid to the peculiar prejudices which had prevailed, and who therefore had provided that his case should be submitted to twelve gentlemen, removed from the clamour and bustle of a public assize, who would calmly reflect on the merits of the case, and give their decision in a way that would confer honour to themselves and their country. A man pointed out as he had been as the object of general detestation, assailed on every side by open hostility, possessed no advantageous ground from which he could resist the assaults of his enemies. He was accused of a felonious crime, and under this charge he had not even the customary assistance in making his defence; while on the part of the prosecution, it was allowed that the same should be laid before the jury with all the benefit of long deliberation and learned comment. In this unfortunate predicament, he was not capable of preparing his defence with any immediate application to the evidence now delivered. It must be principally referable to the depositions given by the witnesses before the magistrates during the preceding examinations. What therefore, should be deficient, he entreated the jury by their good sense to supply, and although he lamented the circumstance on the present occasion, yet he was convinced, that the mode of trial the law had pointed out was founded on the same humane principles which always distinguished the administration of British jurisprudence. The case against him was supported by no direct evidence; it was not even pretended, that any direct and conclusive fact could be proved; it depended wholly upon a chain of incidents, none of which taken separately, could be satisfactory; and it would be for the jury to determine if all of them, considered collectively, could be sufficient to establish the guilt of the prisoner. The nature of the evidence was then only circumstantial, a sort of testimony which had been received at all times with great caution, and which could not be admitted when the offence charged was wholly incapable of any positive proof. This reluctance to receive such testimony was justified by the difficulty of establishing any truth by such means,; in a long concatenation of facts, if a single link of the chain failed, the whole was destroyed, nothing could be sustained by it. What was the extent of the chain which was now to be perfect in all its parts. Forty witnesses were examined, and the jury were called upon to examine, not only if they were consistent with each other, but if they were consistent with themselves. Whatever might be the fidelity of the witnesses, it should not be forgotten how much depended on the accuracy of the memory; so that not only a malignant motive, but an incorrectness of memory would be sufficient to destroy all this testimony on which the prosecution must entirety depend.—The charge proceeded on these three grounds—1st, The motive of the crime—2d, The opportunity of committing it—3d, The impossibility of its commission by any other but the prisoner. 1st, With regard to the motive.—The person who lived in habits of intimacy and friendship with the deceased, must shrink back with horror at such a deed. So from any attempt upon his life, the prisoner would a thousand times rather have sacrified his own for his preservation. But not only the feelings of affection would have operated power-

fully

fully, but the sentiment of pure mercenary interest would have had the same influence to protect the life of mr. Blight. The success of the prisoner depended upon the existence of the deceased. He had entered into business with mr. Blight in circumstances somewhat embarrassed, and the credit and countenance of that gentleman was peculiarly necessary to its success. How was it possible for the business to be conducted? could ships be purchased, could materials be found, could any line of regular connexion be maintained without his support? by his death the prisoner was deprived of all his beneficial prospects, and yet it was contended that these could alone be brightened and improved by this melancholy event. It had been said, that the prisoner was in a state of distress and poverty. It was true that he was pressed by a claim for tythes, but it was not correct to say that by this he was reduced to a condition of absolute ruin. He had an estate, and a farm well stocked, in the county of Devon. In this situation he had been informed of the profits of ship-breaking, and he was determined to acquire the knowledge of a business so productive, he therefore connected himself with mr. B. but not with any intention of continuing, as he had been represented, in the character of a menial servant. He had more than 1300l. and twelve hundred and fifty pounds of this sum had been appropriated in execution of the agreement, for the acquisition of one third of the trade. The account of mr. Blight in regard to these affairs, was not implicitly to be relied upon: he was a man of irregular habits; he had many private expences, of which mrs. B. had no information; he had many natural children, and expended considerable sums on women, in habits of impurity and dishonour. Besides this, he had been involved in his mercantile pursuits, which ended in his failure. From the papers of such a person no satisfactory evidence could be acquired, many of his most solemn instruments were fictitious, and such were acknowledged to be the papers of the 15th of July, which had been so improperly introduced into this transaction. The prisoner here entered into a general examination of the matters of account between himself and the deceased, from all which he contended that he had given bona fide consideration for his share of the business, and that the 1000l. in which mr. Goom was concerned, was no part of the amount he had paid for his concern, but an item of accounts with mr. Blight, entirely independent. A merchant, surrounded by his clerks, he said, could give a full account of his pecuniary affairs on competent evidence, but he having none of these assistants, and being deprived of his principal testimony by the decease of his brother, and the distance of his connections, relied with confidence on the candour of a British jury. Placed, as he was, in this situation, he could not call his friend from the grave to supply the conclusive proof of his innocence; the nature of his defence only admitted of strong probability, and shewing that he had no doubt of the acquittal to which he was entitled from his country.—The next proposition regarded the opportunity of committing the crime. It was true that he had abundance of opportunity to perpetrate this crime, if he had the inclination, and the possibility of committing it any time, and at all times, furnished one strong ground of his defence. If he had intended the murder, would he have committed it when there was a witness at hand to proclaim his guilt? Would he not have availed himself of the silent hour of midnight, when nothing could have occurred to have fixed upon him the guilt? One circumstance removed, beyond all doubt, the weight of the charge; the door of the privy, and the report of the pistol, were heard at the same time by the witness, on whom the whole of the case rested. It was impossible the prisoner could be at the necessary and in the house discharging his weapon of distruction. What was the conduct of the prisoner immediately after the event? did he not send into the neighbourhood to obtain assistance? did he not attend to explain all the facts to the friends

friends of the deceased, and before the magistrates?—Did he fly from his country to seek protection from the hand of avenging justice?——Every particular conduced to shew that in the persuasion of his innocence, he defied all the means which might be employed to effect his destruction. The prisoner terminated with some remarks on particular parts of the evidence, said that he was a plain unlearned man, unaccustomed to the subtilities of legal disputation, and in the most direct and positive terms, avowed his own purity and innocence. His life was of no consequence; he lamented only the fate of four children who depended upon his industry for their support, and was confident that the jury would not be less inclined to a candid and humane consideration of his case on account of these pledges of his sincerity to them and to his country.

The defence being thus concluded, witnesses to the character of the prisoner were then called. Many names were proclaimed in court, but the three following persons only were in attendance:

Mr. Josiah Slee said, that he was an ironmonger, and had known the prisoner for two years and a half, and during the time he had been acquainted with him, Patch had born a good character, and the witness never heard any thing to the contrary.

Josiah Hussam, a ship-chandler in Tooley-street, deposed, that he had known the prisoner for about two years, in the way of business, and had always heard every thing that was honourable of him from mr. Blight, from whom he learnt his general character.

Richard Poole, a ship-builder of Bermondsey, had known Patch since last September twelve month, and became acquainted with him from dealing at mr. Blight's yard: he always considered him an industrious, honest man. He thought him a very humane man, as he never heard him make a hard bargain with any of the workmen whom he hired.

The lord chief baron summed up the evidence in the most perspicuous manner, occupying nearly two hours in commenting upon every part of it.

The jury having retired for about twenty minutes, at half past nine, returned with a verdict—Guilty.

Mr. Knapp then addressed the prisoner, recapitulated the nature of the crime, and stated the verdict of the jury; after which, he put the question to the prisoner why judgment of death, and execution thereon, should not be awarded against him? The prisoner bowed in silence.

The learned judge then shortly addressed the prisoner, told him that he had been tried by a humane, upright, and inquisitive jury, who, after attending to the whole of the case, had pronounced him guilty of a murder the most atrocious ever perpetrated in this country. His crime had commenced in ingratitude, proceeded in fraud, and terminated in the foul assassination of his friend and benefactor. After what had been already said upon the subject, nothing remained to him, but to pronounce the awful sentence of the law, which was—That the prisoner be taken back from whence he came, and from thence that he be taken to the place of execution, on Monday morning next, and there be hanged by the neck until he be dead; his body to be delivered to the surgeons to be dissected.

The prisoner maintained his firmness to the last: he bore every thing with an invincible intrepidity and calmness, except during the latter part of the sentence, when he seemed somewhat shaken, and appeared to shed some tears; but he soon again resumed the composure which marked his whole deportment, and retired from the court to his cell, without any apparent dread of the fate which awaited him. He was heavily ironed, but walked with an upright and steady pace. He appears to be about 40 years of age, about five feet nine inches high, heavy, clumsily made, and very round shouldered, with a very short thick neck, and a florid complexion. Notwithstanding his long confinement, and all the anxiety which he must have suffered, he appeared in rude health, as if fresh from the country.

Before

Before the chief baron left the court, he respited the prisoner till Tuesday.

Account of Blue Monday, observed in Germany as a Holiday.

IT was formerly, and in many countries it is still the custom in Germany, for the journeymen, &c. employed in the lower kinds of trade, to consider every Monday as a day set apart for idleness, and no inducement can prevail upon them to apply themselves to work. Perhaps the custom was derived, from the *postfestum* mentioned in the canon law; and the expression "Blue Monday" is supposed by some to have its origin in the bruises occasioned by the fist and cudgels, which were in frequent use among the drunken and disorderly; but, as we meet with a Blue Tuesday likewise, the derivation seems more probable which occurs in a manuscript Thuringian Chronicle.

In the sixteenth century, it was the custom in Germany to ornament the churches on fast-days with blue; and at this period the tradesmen began to keep their fasts by neglecting their work. This was not only usual among the master tradesmen, but they indulged their servants likewise in the same privilege. For want of employment, the common people had recourse to drinking; and, instead of fasting, it soon became a common proverb, Heute blauer Fastmontag, "To-day is feasting Monday." This national custom, which was originally confined to innocent amusements on the evenings of the fast days, soon extended itself to every Monday in the year. Blue Monday was now established; and the abuse prevailed to such a degree, that the day was soon distinguished by debaucheries of every kind, by tumults, and frequently by murders. The perpetrators of such acts were threatened with the severest punishment; but all the territorial edicts were fruitless, till the matter was seriously taken up by the diet.—This was occasioned by the company of shoe-makers at Augsburgh, in 1720, who excited their fellow-tradesmen at Wurtsburg, by letters, to be riotous. The magistrates at first prohibited the correspondence: this prohibition they considered as an infringement of their rights. The rioters were soon joined, as usual, by a number of ill-disposed persons, who ill treated all who opposed them, and made the affair of a still more serious nature, by encouraging the same conduct in other towns. At last, upwards of a hundred members of this unconstitutional society left the town, and sent information to Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, &c. of their proceedings in the following terms: "We have been under the necessity of adopting this measure to preserve our rights; and inform you that no man who is an honest fellow (braver kerl) will ever go again to work at Augsburg: if he does, he may expect the consequences, and that soon." This caused a general alarm throughout the country. The abuses which prevailed among the tradesmen were of too much consequence to the towns of Germany, and trade in general, not to be noticed at the diet. An edict was published in 1731, by virtue of which, not only every abuse was to be remedied, but the custom of keeping Blue Monday abolished entirely. The edict was but little attended to, except in Brandenburg. In many places it was not even promulgated. The emperor Francis renewed it in 1764, and a decree of the empire was passed to abolish Blue Monday in 1771-2; but notwithstanding this, the old custom prevails, and every Monday throughout the year, in most of the German territories, is still Blue. In the hereditary dominions of Austria, not only laws have been enforced, but various other means have been adopted for this salutary purpose. Even in the university of Gottingen, in the Hanoverian dominions, where there is more Aufklarung, as the Germans admirably express themselves, or a higher state of refinement, this custom is still so prevalent, that I believe I may venture to affirm, that no journeyman tailor can be prevailed upon to work on Monday by any prospect of reward, but generally devotes that day to the joys of Bacchus

Romance

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady.
(Continued from Page 19.)

A PAUSE for ſome moments enſued. Victoria could not break the—to her—painfully ſilent interval; but at length Sebaſtian did: 'Well, I ſee,' he ſaid with a benign ſmile, 'I ſee my fair philoſopher cannot entirely conquer her apprehenſions. Suppoſe then we ſummon Tereſa to attend, and, at leaſt, take off the alarming appearance of ſolitude.'

'Oh! no, no, ſeignor,' replied our artleſs heroine with more eagerneſs than ſhe wiſhed to have diſcovered: 'I like—I prefer ſolitude: I mean I am not afraid of it; and then poor Tereſa has, muſt have, ſo much domeſtic employment now Diego is unable to aſſiſt her, it would be cruelty to treſpaſs upon her time. So, ſeignor, if you pleaſe, I will only ſummon her, if, upon trial, I find my ſpirits unequal to ſolitude!'

'As you pleaſe be it, my child.—Now have you any meſſage to Hippolyto? I ſhall make him a ſhort viſit before I proceed to Franciſco.'

'Oh, ſeignor, could words expreſs my feelings, I would trouble you with the conveyance of a meſſage long as the ſoul of gratitude could dictate!—for, oh, ſeignor, but for the noble, brave Hippolyto, what now might have been my ſhocking, ſhocking fate! By his humanity and courage I am here in ſafety;—for his humanity and courage he is now in priſon!' Tears, which the feelings of her grateful heart awakened, ſtopped her utterance for a few moments: at length ſhe proceeded: 'Oh how I envy you, ſeignor! You can viſit your friend in priſon; whilſt I, who cauſed his being there, am forbidden by the laws of cuſtom and decorum to offer that reſpect and conſolation.'

'And would you—would you, viſit the dungeon of Hippolyto, ſaid Sebaſtian, 'if decorum gave you permiſſion?'

'Moſt certainly: for it would be my duty, if by doing ſo, it could for a moment beguile the ſadneſs of his confinement.'

'Would not ſomething like pride revolt at ſuch a condeſcenſion? Lady Victoria ſeems to forget Hippolyto is only domeſtic to don Manuel.'

'I cannot ceaſe, ſeignor, to remember the misfortunes of my friend; nor can I forget that merit like Hippolyto's muſt ever claim reſpect. Thoſe exalted by virtue the frowns of fortune cannot debaſe. Nature made Hippolyto an ornament to her work; nor can any ſituation degrade him who is by birth and ſenſe a gentleman.'

'Yes,' ſaid Sebaſtian; 'although nature drew Hippolyto in ſhade, he is one of the nobleſt works her hand ever pourtrayed. Born to better expectations, he and another youth, alike the darling ornament of nature, and outcaſt of fortune, differing only in complexion, were thrown by their ruthleſs deſtiny —— but I muſt not, dare not, truſt myſelf upon this ſoul-rending ſubject; I will therefore haſten to my poor Hippolyto's dungeon.'

'Go, ſeignor, and teſtify by this conſoling attention your friendſhip to that gallant being; whilſt I can only by theſe meſſages, you will have the goodneſs to convey for me, manifeſt my lively gratitude.'

'Then come, my child,' replied Sebaſtian with a ſweet ſmile of benignity, and pleaſure pervading his ſad yet fine countenance: 'accompanied by me, there can ſurely be no impropriety: and ſuch a flattering condeſcenſion will illumine the dungeon of poor Hippolyto, and effectually baniſh ſadneſs from his priſon.'

Victoria inſtantly aroſe, and gave her hand to Sebaſtian, who led her through the great hall into a long paſſage which terminated at a large iron door, where he pulled a heavy ſounding bell, and immediately Gonzalvo appeared.

'We would viſit Hippolyto,' ſaid Sebaſtian, and ſhowed Franciſco's ſignet.'

'Gonzalvo, taking a lamp from his room, preceded Sebaſtian and our he-

rome through an adjoining door, which opened upon a long flight of ſteps, which they deſcended, and in a few moments entered a winding paſſage of immenſe length, branching off in a variety of directions; where, on each ſide of the leading paſſage and all its deviations, were ranged at equal and trifling diſtances low doors ſtrongly plated with iron, and ſecured by maſſy bolts and other enormous faſtenings—doors which Victoria but too truly conjectured led to the noiſome priſon of many a hapleſs ſufferer. This affecting idea filled her heart with inexpreſſible ſadneſs; but no ſooner did the direful clinking of chains, with deep-drawn ſighs and groans iſſuing through many of thoſe doors, aſſail her ears, than grief and horror almoſt ſubdued her, and Sebaſtian now found increaſed difficulty in ſupporting her trembling frame to Hippolyto's priſon. One bolt alone ſecured his door; and Gonzalvo, entering firſt, reſpectfully announced the approaching viſitors.

'The captive lady coming to ſee me!' repeated Hippolyto in a tone of exceſſive trepidation and ſurprize, as he darted towards the door. 'Gracious Heaven! 'tis true! Oh, madam! lady Victoria! what, what could have induced ſuch an unexpected, ſuch an unmerited condeſcenſion?'

'Your humanity, and my gratitude,' ſaid ſhe. 'Seignor Sebaſtian thought, when accompanied by him, there could be no impropriety in viſiting my deliverers in that priſon where ſerving me had placed them.' Victoria now entered, and, looking around, 'Alas!' ſhe exclaimed, and is this place the reward of humanity!' She could add no more; but, burſting into tears, ſunk into the ſeat Hippolyto had juſt ariſen from.

Gonzalvo, now retiring, took his ſtation in the paſſage; and Thomas, who ſhared this priſon, and whoſe wound was in a moſt promiſing ſtate, reſpectfully retreated to one corner of the dungeon, while Sebaſtian and Hippolyto, in the moſt earneſt terms, entreated our heroine to be compoſed.

'Diſtreſs me not, I conjure you, lady Victoria,' ſaid Hippolyto, 'by ſuch exceſs of compaſſion. Our confinement here will prove but of ſhort continuance, believe me; and even whilſt here we ſhall experience no grief, no inconvenience, but in being deprived of the liberty ſtill to attend you, to watch over, to protect you from every danger.'

Victoria, about to reply, raiſed her beautifully intelligent eyes, beaming with ſorrow and genuine gratitude; when ſuddenly meeting Hippolyto's, ſhe clearly ſaw in them ſuch a lively and unequivocal expreſſion of tender anxiety, that, quite ſtartled and diſtreſſed, ſhe again bent her eyes to the ground, whilſt the brighteſt glow of confuſion overſpread her cheeks.

Whether Sebaſtian made any obſervation or not, he inſtantly relieved her embarraſſment, though not her concern, by calling Hippolyto's attention from the too lovely Victoria to a recital of Franciſco's reſolutions and arrangements; to which Hippolyto liſtened with the moſt evident delight, as they were auſpicious to Victoria's ſafety.

Thomas, with his accuſtomed unintelligibility, expreſſed his pleaſure too, happy in the proſpect of our heroine's ſecurity, but charmed to ecſtaſy at the idea of Alonzo's diſappointment and mortification.—'And may I, your honours, be bold,' added he, 'and crave what cheer with the Tereſa, and my brave meſſmate Diego? It heaved up a ſtrong ſwell of wonderment why he thus keeps abaft, and has not yet ſteered to this port to ſee the ſtate of our rigging.'

Victoria now called forth the moſt profound and enraptured attention of Hippolyto, whilſt ſhe ſweetly and ſimply related the diſcovery of Diego's connexion with her family, its alarming effects upon him, and his ſevere illneſs.

Hippolyto was evidently affected by her artleſs and intereſting little hiſtory; but the good it portended to Victoria almoſt effaced by pleaſure his pity for Diego.

For ſome little time longer they held a ſerious

a ſerious converſation upon the ſtate of affairs in the caſtle; and mutually charmed with each other's diſcourſe, Victoria and Hippolyto ſaw with regret Sebaſtian's motion for ſeparation. Hippolyto, in the moſt graceful and animated terms, expreſſed his gratitude for the honour and pleaſure our heroine had conferred upon him by her viſit; whilſt ſhe in return felt he had riſen higher in her eſtimation; and ſhe ſhould have remembered this interview with ſatisfaction, had not concern officiouſly reminded her of having obſerved that which indicated a ſtronger degree of ſolicitude for her fate than ſhe could have wiſhed Hippolyto to feel for her.

Gonzalvo now conducted theſe friendly viſitors out of his diſtrict; and Sebaſtian attended Victoria to the library, where he waited until ſhe had perfectly recovered that agitation of ſpirits this new and diſmal ſcene had awakened; and then took leave, aſſuring her of perfect ſecurity during his abſence.

Victoria, now alone, felt her ſpirits awakened to perturbation of a different nature. The hour was approaching faſt for her to fulfil or fail in her appointment with the ſtranger; and what line of conduct to purſue was now her difficulty. She had, alas! no one to adviſe her. Her own judgment or inclination could only now guide her—the feeble judgment of eighteen, the raſh inclination of youth. Diſappointed wiſhes and opinions had not yet introduced ſuſpicion into the ingenuous mind of Victoria: artleſs herſelf, ſhe thought the world in general ſo; and nothing leſs than downright conviction had ever yet allowed her to believe that the apparently amiable could be deceitful. The man, therefore, whom her fancy repreſented to her as one of the moſt perfect of human beings, ſhe never once thought it poſſible to find inſincere or capable of treachery. She had conſequently no fears for her ſafety, but ſhe had many doubts as to the propriety of meeting him. He had not ventured his life for her preſervation; and gratitude had no claim upon her, except for promiſed kindneſs. Beſides, ſhe had no Sebaſtian to accompany her, and deſtroy the indecorum of the interview. Delicacy, flowing from the ſpring of nature filled, in its moſt refined purity Victoria's ſpotleſs heart; it inſpired her every thought, it dictated her every word, and attended all her actions. The idea, therefore, of an aſſignation with a man, young and a ſtranger, unprotected to forlorneſs as ſhe was, could not but ſtartle her; while ſome innovating gueſt ſprung forward to laugh at her ſcruples, and inſpiring wiſhes to overthrow them.

CHAP. XIX.

Every reaſon and argument that delicacy and inclination could deduce, now agitated Victoria's mind for and againſt attending her appointment, but without conviction on either ſides, until the clock ſtruck twelve; and ſhe was ſtartled by the ſound into a perturbation of ſpirits deſtructive to the laſt ſuggeſtions of her mind, which inclination prompted, deſiring her to remember, that the ſtranger had promiſed to effect her eſcape, at the moment he gave liberty to his friends; that he might be the very being deputed by Heaven to deliver her from deſtruction, which the extraordinary circumſtances leading to their meeting almoſt induced her to believe; and, if ſhe diſregarded him, ſhe might probably have to bewail her own wilful blindneſs to the mercy of Providence. The ſtranger too had informed her of the ſituation of his affections; and there could be little of indelicacy, whatever there might be of temerity, in it; and, to calm her doubts and apprehenſions, had he not taught her the method of retreating into the library? And independent of all theſe motives, had ſhe not in her poſſeſſion ſome property of his, or his friends, of conſiderable value? and every feeling of equity muſt urge the immediate reſtoration of it.

Theſe arguments, unanſwered, proved victorious; and as the clock ſtruck the laſt ſtroke of twelve our heroine tremu-

tremulouſly and fearfully aroſe, and, looking cautiouſly around her, approached the map againſt which ſhe was to preſs to gain an admittance into the church; but there ſhe ſtopped, alarmed, and apprehending the eye of obſervation. She thought of the paſſage from her chamber as being more ſecret; but the terrors of the preceding night made her ſhrink from the idea of going through the ſcene of them, unattended, except by fears, which the uncertainty of the propriety of what ſhe was premeditating would moſt forcibly augment.

At length, after many efforts, ſhe ſummoned ſufficient courage to preſs the actuating ſpring; when immediately the pannel receded, and through a ſmall aperture ſhe beheld the ſtranger at the foot of the monument, ſtanding with folded arms, and eyes anxiouſly fixed upon the chaſm. It was now too late, even had ſhe wiſhed it, to change her intention; for he ſaw her on the moment, and, as ſhe puſhed the pannel open for admiſſion, haſtily ſprung forward to receive and to aſſiſt her; and after cloſing the aperture with much ſpeed and circumſpection, he ſeated himſelf by her on the baſe of the monument cloſe to the ſpring that would re-admit her to the library, and in the moſt reſpectful and animated terms expreſſed his gratitude for the confidence repoſed in him.

Victoria entered the church with a fluttering heart and a trembling frame; and for ſome moments her agitation deprived her of the power of articulating; but the reſpectfulneſs of the ſtranger's manners towards her, the ſoothing kindneſs of his addreſs, the faſcinating ſweetneſs of his voice, and, above all, his delicacy and conſideration in voluntarily placing her cloſe to the only ſpot where an inſtantaneous retreat could be in her power, combined to calm her fears and perturbation, and in a very few moments reſtored her to perfect compoſure;—when a long and intereſting converſation commenced, by which our heroine was ſoon convinced that the ſtranger poſſeſſed graces of manners, and refinement of mind, equal at leaſt to Hippolyto; and, whilſt ſhe liſtened with delight, ſhe trembled at the faſcination which ſhe found every moment was increaſing faſt. Yet, in defiance to this faſcination, powerful as it was, prudence never for one moment forſook her lovely charge, and Victoria only related to her attentive auditor what this ſapient guide directed as neceſſary for him to be informed of; therefore, in mentioning Alonzo and her gallant reſcue, ſhe beſtowed her encomiums upon her deliverers, but forbore to expreſs any thing that might lead to a ſuſpicion of their diſaffection to don Manuel.

Her heart now perſuaded her to believe the ſtranger ingenuous, benevolent and ſincere; but the more eloquently her heart ſpoke in his favour, the more conſcious ſhe became of the imbecility of her judgment, and more rigorous in her obedience to her intellectual monitors; ſo that ſhe uttered not one word which prudence or reaſon could have wiſhed recalled.

The ſtranger, on his part, had nothing of moment to communicate, except that his preparations for eſcape were in much greater forwardneſs, his plans more promiſing, and his hopes of a ſpeedy termination to the captivity of thoſe he wiſhed to liberate much more ſanguine than they had been on the preceding day. But the ſame myſtery ſtill enveloped him; and the interdict againſt his being more communicative upon ſome important ſubjects, he told her, was not yet withdrawn. But he ſo judiciouſly contrived it, that not a pauſe in converſation occurred to yield Victoria an opportunity of departing until the unwelcome ſtroke of one ſounded from the dome clock. Dejectedly he aroſe from his ſeat; Victoria ſprung from hers.

'How rapidly has time flown ſince twelve!' ſaid he, ſighing, 'only to creep more languidly until my good deſtiny influences you to honour me with another interview. May I, dare I, preſume to ſupplicate for the happineſs of ſeeing you again to-morrow, ſhould nothing intervene to render your coming hither impracticable?'

Victoria

Victoria hesitated: and the deepest glow of vermillion tinged her cheeks.

A heightened colour overspread the stranger's countenance too; and mournfully he said, 'Alas! you fear to confide in my honour, and I am not permitted to remove suspicion from your mind.'

'I entertain no suspicion where you are in question, believe me, seignor,' replied Victoria with the most fascinating artlessness, while her blushes deepened, and her tearful eyes sought the ground to conceal her painful emotions; 'but I have no one to advise me, and I only hesitated to consider if my secret interviews with a perfect stranger would be a measure likely to meet the approbation of the dear and faultless being who was my instructor and my guide from my earliest days until this hapless period; and although she, alas! is now far, far distant from me, I should wish still to conduct myself as if her watchful eye was yet observing me.'

'And if it were,' said he with the most animated energy, 'nothing could meet it but that which must give maternal transport to her heart. Beholding such spotless purity, could she see any thing but glory to herself, reflected from the refinement of those virtues her precepts strengthened, but which had a deeper source even from nature's self! Were you now under the protection of your family, I would be one of the last persons upon earth, believe me, to urge you to these clandestine meetings; nor do I take advantage of the unguarded situation your ruthless destiny has thrown you into, to persuade you to less propriety of conduct than I should wish you to pursue were you still in the bosom of your family; but that very hapless situation, which leaves you unprotected, calls on me to do it. It impels me on to serve you, and makes it absolutely necessary that we should sometimes meet, and there exists no other method of our doing so. The ideas that so lately actuated your conduct cannot now guide you, since now, alas! you must implicitly tread the thorny path your pitiless fate has here marked out for you. Deprived of that society most congenial to the delicacy of your mind, you yet acquiesce with patient submission to a doom your heart revolts from; then let me, I conjure you, not endure the pain and mortification of considering myself the most obnoxious of those beings your misfortunes have thrown you amongst, or the hapless one whom you most sedulously shun.'

'It is true,—alas! too true!'—replied Victoria in a sweet plaintive tone of the most touching sadness, 'that I am bereft of all society but of men, all strangers to me. In don Manuel's castle is my inevitable doom, to which I must submit; and though my heart shrinks from it, it does not reproach me. But in coming hither to meet you, seignor, there is no compulsion. Voluntarily I come, the unbiassed agent of my own free-will; and surely great is the difference between the act we voluntarily commit and those we are compelled to.'

The sweetest smile of animated approbation played on the stranger's countenance; and his eyes were illumined with such a lively expression of admiration and gladness, that Victoria, astonished, embarrassed, pleased, and perplexed, turned her face aside to conceal from his attentive observation the emotions too visibly delineated there; and after a moment's pause the stranger spoke—

'I will advance nothing further, to urge you to a compliance with my request. For worlds I would not mislead such purity. I will therefore leave it to your own feelings to determine; and shall attend here at twelve to-morrow, in the pleasing but anxious hope of their candidly determining in my favour.'

Victoria paused for a moment, and then said, with all that bewitching artlessness the innocent ingenuousness of her mind inspired, 'Ah! seignor, you spoke too truly, when you said the ideas which so lately actuated my conduct cannot guide me now. Repugnant as my feelings may be to these *secret* interviews, I yet must not hesi-

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tate to continue them, since by them only can I possibly be informed of how and when that liberty you have so humanely promised is to be effected. Forgive, I entreat you, seignor, my appearance of ingratitude. Of your honour and integrity I had no suspicion, believe me; I only doubted the propriety of my thus meeting you. To-morrow I will again be here, should nothing intervene to prevent the performance of my promise.'.

The stranger, in evident transport, most gracefully expressed his gratitude for the confidence with which she honoured him; and respectfully taking her hand (which he would have pressed, in token of his thankfulness, had not the recollection of the delicacy of her unprotected situation withheld him), he led her through the pannel, first ascertaining there being no observer, and with a pensively-anxious look and mournful voice, he bade her farewell; and whilst she was making her way, with trembling steps, into the library, his eyes followed her with such an encreasing expression of tender solicitude and sadness, still holding the pannel open, that she was compelled, several times, to remind him of his imprudence before he seemed to collect sufficient power to shut her from his sight.

Our heroine, now alone, sunk into a seat, so agitated by hope and fear, so pleased, so sad, so fascinated, so perplexed, that her mind was all in tumult with contending sensations; and it was some time after her return to the library before she recollected that she had not restored the picture. Sensibly shocked at her unpardonable omission, she drew the portrait from her pocket, blushing at her want of memory; and a deeper, and a still deeper tint of vermillion overspread her cheeks as she looked upon this proof of her negligence, dwelling on the resemblance of every feature, which but so short a period before she beheld animated by the sense and sweetly-interesting elegance of the original, or saddened by solicitude for her safety. 'For hers?'—Soothing idea! which she fondly cherished: and, almost happy, she continued earnestly gazing upon the picture, until the recollection of the stranger's having, in their first interview, declared his attachment for another, darted like a hideous phantom into her imagination, chilling her heart, and blighting at once the sweet budding blossoms of new-born hope.

'Alas!' said she—so absorbed in her painful feelings, that she was quite unconscious of articulating her thoughts—'alas! I had forgotten—he does love—but not me!' Large drops stole from her eyes. 'Fie on this weakness!' continued she; 'I will not, no, I will not cherish it.' Hastily she wiped the tears away; and, meaning to replace the portrait in her pocket, she turned her head to guide her hand, and beheld, reflected by the sun-beams, that were at that moment shining very strong upon the floor, her own shadow, and the lengthened one of a man, who seemed standing close behind her. Almost annihilated by confusion and terror she started up and quickly turned: but no one could she see; the shadow was gone, and with it every trace of any being having been there.

Trembling with dismay, she flew to a bell, and rang a summons for Teresa. She had been sitting at much too considerable a distance from the pannel to admit of that being possibly the method of so speedy a retreat; and she was too certain of the appearance of the shadow to doubt, for a moment, of some one having been there. She felt no inclination to believe it a supernatural semblance; and that therefore some mortal man was absolutely in possession of the secret of her partiality, strung her delicacy to the quick; whilst apprehension lest any evil should be the consequence to the stranger, filled her mind with inconceivable terror; and so totally did shame and alarm subdue her, that she was unable to repress her tears when Teresa entered.

'Gracious Heaven! what can have happened to make you weep so piteously dear donna?' exclaimed the poor old compassionating woman. 'Why, sure, I thought your cares and fears all were

lulled

BRITANNIA crowned by VICTORY
weeps over the Ashes of her
darling SON

lulled by Francisco, for this blessed day at least!'

As soon as Victoria's tears would permit her to speak, she, without mentioning the picture, informed Teresa of the alarm she had just sustained from the strange appearance of the shadow.—Teresa discovered evident symptoms of fear, but none of surprize, at what she heard; for, notwithstanding the advantages of a tolerable education, her mind was so enervated by age, misfortunes, and the horrors she had for many years been doomed to witness, that it was now totally under the dominion of trembling superstition, which conjured up a thousand phantoms as appropriate to that library, where she almost believed the ghost of every author there, whether damned or not, haunted his own works.

Teresa took a seat by the desire of Victoria, who, inspired with courage by the presence of a companion, exerted herself to conquer her tears; and, although deeply mortified and alarmed, she at length became apparently composed; when she enquired 'if Teresa had lately any account of Diego—'

'No donna; I was going to take some nourishment to him, by Pedro's orders, when you summoned me hither.'

'But you sent to him?—'

'No donna; I had no one to send it up.'

'Then fly with it directly to him: think not of me whilst he requires your care; and, if it is possible, soon comfort me with the intelligence of his being better.'

Teresa immediately departed, and Victoria felt all her coward sensations revive; but which she lost no time in striving to subdue: and she was just beginning to look without fear around her, when she heard the approach of Sebastian; and, dreading his questions as to how she had passed her moments of solitude, she hastily snatched a book from a shelf near her, and affected to be deeply engaged in the perusal of it; while, in fact, she was attentive only to catch an unembarrassed air as he advanced, and took a seat beside her.

'Well my child,' said he kindly, taking her trembling hand, 'how have you been since we parted? I hope you have contrived to find some amusement.'

'I, I,' she hesitatingly replied, 'I, seignor, have been striving to collect my distracted ideas sufficiently to allow me to read.'

'And I, by coming hither unexpectedly, have discovered a secret.'—Pitiable was now the confusion and anguish of our heroine. She trembled, she changed colour, and her heart seemed ready to bound from its seat. Sebastian continued:—'Highly as I have found your mind cultivated, I was not aware of your understanding Greek.'

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Professional Life of the Right Honourable Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood.—(For a Portrait, see our Magazine, for January last.)

IT is a very old and trite observation, but it is, at the same time, strictly correct, that the earlier years of the greatest personages, statesmen as well as heroes, have frequently passed in such obscurity, as to afford the world little or no reason to expect the germ would, after a certain time, unfold itself; and discover that beautiful flower, the virtues and splendor of which should excite love, veneration, and astonishment, in all who beheld it. Endued with every faculty that rendered him, as a man and an officer, the ornament and support of his country, it was the lot of the noble person, whose memoirs we are, with feeble and inadequate powers, about to delineate, to pass through the early, and not least arduous duties of his profession, and years of probation, not only without either envy or admiration, but even without attracting particular notice. Arrived at maturity, his virtues and his splendid qualities have burst forth at once, to the

the view of his admiring countrymen, who have been filled with a self-reproaching regret, at their own want of discernment, in having permitted a character to whom they already owe so much, and in whose future exertions they place such exalted expectations, to ascend almost to the zenith of his career, without acquiring that very rarely withheld tribute from the good and brave,—the tribute of public approbation and applause.

His lordship was the near relative of one among the steadiest and bravest officers, belonging to what is quaintly called the Old School. This gentleman having been ordered to North America, under the command of vice-admiral Byron, and in the year 1778, was, after his arrival there, promoted from the Monmouth of 64 guns, to the Grafton of 74; and having proceeded under the same commander to the West-Indies, he distinguished himself in the most conspicuous manner in the encounter off Grenada, with the French fleet then under the orders of the count d'Estaign, which took place on the 6th of July 1779. Being stationed to lead the fleet on the larboard tack, his ship was one of the first to commence the action, and was not only so unfortunate as to be completely disabled, but also, by, as it were, a natural consequence, experienced a greater loss in killed and wounded, than any ship in the fleet. He was soon afterwards raised to the rank of commodore, and appointed by rear admiral Hyde Parker, who had succeeded to the chief command on that station, to pursue monsr. de la Motte Piquet: so great was the confidence reposed in him by Parker on this occasion, that he placed no less than nine ships of the line, being a moiety of the whole fleet, under his orders. The commodore proved himself perfectly adequate to, and worthy of the trust; for though, in consequence of the early flight, and superior quality of sailing possessed by the enemy, he was not so happy as to close with him, he chased them into Guadaloupe, where he effectually blockaded them, and thereby prevented them from undertaking any of those desultory expeditions which they might have meditated. He continued thus occupied, till the rumoured arrival of the count de Guichen, at the head of a very formidable French armament, rendered his recall a measure of absolute necessity. In the action with the count de Guichen, which took place on the 17th of April 1780, mr. Collingwood led the division of the commander in chief, and in no degree debased the honour he had before so justly acquired; his health, however, which had been for some time in a very declining state, compelled him, very soon after this event, to quit his command; but he did not live to reach his native country, where alone its re-establishment could be expected, unhappily dying at sea, on the 2d of June 1780.

From this digression (which we trust, cannot fail to prove interesting to those who respect and admire lord Collingwood,) we resume our particular account of the subject of these memoirs.

Mr. Collingwood (as we must for the present call him,) was the descendant of a very respectable family in the county of Northumberland, and having devoted himself, at a very early period of his life, to the naval service of his country, was, after passing through the customary years of probation in the subordinate capacities of midshipman, or petty officer, raised to the rank of lieutenant, on the 17th of June 1775. The truth of the ancient and just proverb, 'that the temper, the ability, and general habits of life, may almost without exception be discovered by enquiring closely into the character of those with whom a man associates,' has rarely, perhaps, been more strongly exemplified than in the present instance. Mr. Collingwood having been ordered on the Jamaica station, at the commencement of the dispute with North America, became in some measure associated in service with the late lord viscount Nelson: a casual acquaintance quickly ripened into the closest intimacy;

intimacy; and if, from the want of an opportunity of exertion, his virtues, his talents, and his general merits had ſtill continued obſcured from the world, it could by no means be conſidered a ſlender proof of his intrinſic worth, that he acquired the confidence and eſteem of ſo great an officer.

It is a circumſtance too ſingular to be paſſed over without remark, that although the neceſſities of public ſervice very frequently completely ſeparate the moſt intimate friends, and prevent thoſe, whoſe inmoſt thoughts are known to each other, from being joined in the public duty required of them by their country, the caſe was far different in the inſtance of captain Collingwood: he was repeatedly employed on the ſame ſtation with his friend Nelſon, and the continuance of their intimacy cemented their hearts together in ties of the cloſeſt friendſhip. When Nelſon was promoted to the rank of poſt-captain in the navy, (by commiſſion bearing date June 17th, 1779, appointing him to the Hinchinbrook of 28 guns,) we believe mr. Collingwood to have ſucceeded him as commander of the Badger ſloop of war; but this commiſſion was not confirmed by the admiralty-board, till the commencement of the enſuing year. He remained in this ſtation a very ſhort time; for on the 22d of March 1780, he was raiſed to the rank of poſt-captain, and appointed, according to ſome accounts, to the Pelican of twenty-four guns; but theſe are erroneous: the ſhip he took poſt in was the Pomona frigate, though he very ſoon afterwards removed from thence into the Pelican. During the time he held the command of this ſhip, he had the good fortune to fall in with a large French privateer called Le Cerf, mounting ſixteen guns, and manned with a choſen crew of one hundred and twenty men. This veſſel had been fitted out from Aux Cays, and the capture of it was rendered particularly gratifying and valuable, firſt, from the circumſtance of her having, although ſhe had been out of port two days only, taken the Blandford, a ſhip belonging to Glaſgow, very richly laden, after a very gallant action of three hours continuance; and ſecondly, becauſe the privateer was conſidered one of the faſteſt ſailing veſſels belonging to the enemy in thoſe ſeas. There was moreover an additional circumſtance, which muſt have made this ſucceſs peculiarly gratifying to captain Collingwood. The commander and crew of Le Cerf, irritated at the ſpirited defence made by the Blandford, though of inferior force, had, on boarding the prize, behaved with the greateſt inhumanity; cutting and mangling the crew, and particularly the captain himſelf, with all the ſavage barbarity of enraged pirates; inſtead of diſplaying the true characteriſtic of a brave foe, who never fails to treat his vanquiſhed enemy with kindneſs and reſpect.

Captain Collingwood was unfortunately deſtined to be deprived of his ſhip by one of thoſe dreadful convulſions of nature which occaſionally take place in the Weſt Indies *. It was, however,

NOTE.

* *An account of this terrible diſaſter was tranſmitted in a private account from a correſpondent on the ſpot when it took place:—'Yeſterday afternoon a ſevere ſtorm of wind, attended with heavy and inceſſant ſhowers of rain came on, and continued all the night; the wind ſhifted to all points of the compaſs, and there is reaſon to apprehend much damage has been done, as well on the land as on the water. Several trees in and about this town are blown down, and we hear that a ſhip has been driven from her anchors at Port Royal, and beat to pieces; that three others have been forced on ſhore near Port Henderſon; and that moſt of the plantain boats, and other ſmall craft, in both Kingſton and Port Royal harbours are overſet and ſunk.*

'*About eight o'clock on Wedneſday evening, a hard gale of wind came on from the ſouthward; but ſoon after veered to different parts of the compaſs: before nine it encreaſed to a perfect hurricane, and continued to rage with unabating fury, till near eleven, the greateſt part of the time blowing from the ſouth-eaſt, accompanied by an heavy and inceſſant rain;*

however, rendered leſs aggravating by the circumſtance of the whole crew, four perſons excepted, being providentially ſaved, though the veſſel herſelf was totally wrecked on the Morant Keys.

Captain Collingwood returned to England not long after this melancholy diſaſter; and at the cloſe of the year 1782, he was appointed to the Sampſon of 64 guns, which had juſt then returned from the expedition ſent under lord Howe to relieve and reinforce the garriſon of Gibraltar, and which was ordered to be fitted for foreign ſervice. The ceſſation of hoſtilities, however, ſoon terminated this command; but in the year 1784, we find him captain of one of the ſhips kept in commiſſion on the peace eſtabliſhment, on the Weſt-India ſtation; we believe, the Mediator of 44 guns. Here it was that the former exiſting intimacy between lord Nelſon and himſelf, became again renewed, if poſſible with encreaſing warmth. The genuine principles of friendſhip, and an almoſt brotherly affection, have never perhaps been more ſtrongly pourtrayed, than in the frequent mention made by his lordſhip of Collingwood, in the letters written by him

NOTE.

nor did the fury of the ſtorm altogether ſubſide, till about two o'clock in the morning; the diſtreſſed ſituation of the ſhipping in the harbour, may be better conceived than deſcribed; ſeventy three ſail of veſſels, including ſloops, ſchooners, and ſhallops, were on ſhore between Ruſſel's bulk and the wharf of John Vernon, eſq. and co. and ſeveral others to the weſtward of the town; but being moſtly light veſſels, the greateſt part of them either have been, or will be got off, though not without conſiderable damage. The water in the harbour is ſuppoſed to have riſen between four and five feet perpendicular; the planking of the wharfs in general being torn up, and many heavy articles that were upon them entirely carried away; of meſſrs. Law and Hargrave's wharf, ſcarce the veſtiges remain. The greateſt part of the returned fleet being at Port Royal, the account from thence is ſtill more deplorable; two loaded veſſels being either ſunk or overſet, and twenty-four run aſhore between Salt Ponds and the Moſquito Point, of which the following is the correcteſt liſt we have been able to obtain, viz.

'The Green Iſland, Watt; Carnatic, Gibbons; Mary, Friſwell; John Watſon; Thetis, Hardy; Jamaica, (late Greenſby;) Mentor, Whiteſides; Jamaica, Hurſt; Orange Bay, Roſs; London, Peck; Henry, Logan; Montague, Caſey; Arundel, Man; George and John, Dears; Chambers, Langley; Hope, Simes; Diſpatch, Towers; Friendſhip, Renaliſon; Nancy, Fame; Nancy, ——; Fame, Eaton; True Briton, Stewart; Clarendon, Jordan;

NOTE.

town were thrown down, and two negroes drowned in the ſtreets, in which torrents of water, for ſeveral hours, ran down with great rapidity. The number of lives that have been loſt cannot at preſent be aſcertained, but doubtleſs muſt be very great; in one plantain boat only, nine perſons periſhed, as did the crew of the Ruby's boat at Port Royal, in endeavouring to aſſiſt a veſſel in diſtreſs, ſoon after the ſtorm came on. Should this ſevere ſtroke have been general throughout the iſland, the conſequences muſt be terrible indeed; it is, however, to be hoped it will prove only a partial viſitation, and that the leeward pariſhes in particular, which ſo recently ſuffered by a like dreadful calamity, may in the preſent inſtance have experienced the protecting hand of Providence; the rivers in general are certainly out, as neither the windward, or northſide mails were arrived at nine o'clock yeſterday morning.

'From Spaniſh Town we learn, that the new bridge over the Rio Cobre at that place, had received ſome damage; but which has already been repaired, and it now paſſable as uſual. His majeſty's ſhip Southampton, after having had an engagement with a French frigate off Cape Francois, was by the late ſtorm diſmaſted, and driven to Wreck Riff, to the leeward of Port Royal, where ſhe now remains; the Vaughan and ſeveral other veſſels are gone to her aſſiſtance.

'It is reported, that two flags of truce, which ſailed from Port Royal on Wedneſday, have been loſt, and that all the people on board one of them periſhed;

him to his old friend and preceptor, the late lieutenant-governor Locker *.

After the return of captain Collingwood from the Weſt-Indies, he appears to have remained unemployed for a ſhort time; but in the year 1790 we find him to have been captain of the Mermaid, a frigate mounting thirty-two guns. This appointment produced nothing very intereſting; the pacific ſituation of Europe, at the time, afforded no opportunity for the diſplay of thoſe dazzling qualities we have ſo often and ſo highly admired, not only in the courſe of the preſent, but of the preceding war.

Soon after the commencement of hoſtilities with the miſerable and furious anarchiſts who had uſurped the government, or rather the direction of all meaſures within that country, and immediately ſubſequent to the murder of Louis the ſixteenth, captain Collingwood was appointed to the command of the Prince, a ſecond rate, the ſhip on board which rear admiral Bowyer hoiſted his flag, under the orders of the late earl Howe; who had been inveſted with the chief command of the fleet deſtined for the channel ſervice, and to watch the motions of a very formidable armament, which the enemy had with much labour and difficulty, contrived to equip, and get ready for ſea, in the port of Breſt.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOTE.

* *Collingwood is at Grenada, which is a great loſs to me, for there is nobody I can make a confidant of.* —— *'Coll deſires me to ſay, he will write you ſoon ſuch a letter, that you will think it an hiſtory of the Weſt Indies. What an amiable good man he is! all the reſt are geeſe.'*— *Collingwood recommends* ——, *he ſays, you ought to marry her: what a charming good man! he is a valuable member of ſociety.'*—— *'This ſtation has not been over pleaſant; had it not been for Collingwood, it would have been the moſt diſagreeable I ever ſaw.'*—— *'Therefore I aſked Collingwood to go with me, for his ſentiments and mine are exactly ſimilar.'*— *Vide Charnock's Life of Lord Nelſon, Appendix, page 26, et ſeq.*

Such encomiums, conſidering from whom they proceeded, render all comment on the conduct of lord Collingwood impertinent; and any further attempt at eulogium, ridiculous.

London Faſhions.

Ball and Full Dreſs.

1. *CAP* of coloured velvet, trimmed with lace. Short dreſs of yellow muſlin, over train of white ſarſnet, ornamented down the front and bottom with flowers and ſprigs, and faſtened in front with a gold ornament, trimmed round the boſom with pleating of net: white ſwans-down tipped: kid gloves and ſhoes.

2. Hair dreſſed in the faſhionable ſtyle, ornamented with net band and combs. Long dreſs of light-blue muſlin; ſhort ſleeves of white muſlin and lace, over a white ſatin lining: bottom of the dreſs trimmed with blue ſatin ribbon.

Pariſian Faſhions.

DRESS toques are worn, with two or three rather ſhort, but very broad, feathers. Theſe feathers are placed in front, and fall forwards almoſt upon the noſe, as they are very limp. The turbans are uſually formed of two pieces of ſtuff; the one white and ſilver, and the other purple, amaranth, or tri-coloured velvet. Flowers on hats are only worn in undreſs: beſides flowers, an apron of lace makes a part of a very elegant undreſs.

Very pale roſe is ſtill the colour moſt in faſhion.

For ſome months very few robes with long trains have been ſeen, even in full dreſs: the few that have trains are for the moſt part of roſe or white ſatin, buttoned or laced behind with a *tulle* at the neck.

Great-coats of cloth are no longer in requeſt, though many are worn; all the orders are given for thoſe of velvet, white amaranth, or roſe-colour. In all theſe the ſcarf is white, and faſtened before; and the back buttoned with buttons of white ſatin.

Letter

Letter to a Beautiful Woman.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you occupy a very handſome houſe, and are able to furniſh it in a proper manner, will you excuſe a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the ſubject?

Your building being formed of the fineſt materials, it will ſhew in a moment any flaw or ſpot that may accidentally tarniſh the ſurface; it is of a proper height, a well proportioned ſize, and built on a regular plan.

On the top ſtands a turret, of a globular form, with two cryſtal windows in front; theſe are ſo conſtructed, as to command an extenſive proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove of conſiderable utility, as well as a great ornament to the houſe: I adviſe you not to look through them at every object that paſſes, and above all things, I would have you ſhut them early at night, as many diſagreeable circumſtances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you pleaſe in a morning.

On each ſide, I obſerve a ſmall portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always ſtand open; as you will be crowded with viſitors, and perhaps with ſome you may not like; let them never be ſhut againſt your worthy parents, a ſincere friend, or a fellow creature in diſtreſs,

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend it to you to keep it cloſely barred, leſt, ſhould any bad characters be ſeen forth coming, you draw a ſcandal on your reſidence; if at any time, on neceſſary occaſions, it ſhould be opened, I would lay a ſtrict injunction of watchfulneſs on the two porters, who ſtand as ſentinels, in liveries of ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory paliſade.

Some ill adviſed people paint the two pannels, juſt below the windows; an example which I hope you will ſhun rather than follow.

This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two ſemi-globes of alabaſter, before which, moſt prudent people draw a curtain of needle-work; a practice of late years ſtrangely neglected by ſome, who, by ſuch conduct, prove themſelves groſsly deficient in policy, propriety, and good taſte.

Beneath, is the great hall, in which I underſtand you have a ſmall cloſet of exquiſite workmanſhip; this I ſuppoſe is the place of your ſecret retirement, open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful friend: take care always to keep it clean, and furniſhed with a ſmall but well-choſen library of the beſt practical authors: enter it frequently, eſpecially when you return from public worſhip, or from viſiting your friends.

Avoid two oppoſite errors, which the owners of many houſes fall into: let not the outſide hall appear like the ſhop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery; let it be plain, neat, and always clean, to convince the world that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You muſt not be ſurpriſed to find the tenement you inhabit ſubject to decay and accident; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty, and diminiſh ſtrength; during the ſhort ſpace you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; theſe, you muſt conſider as plain intimations, that the houſe itſelf, in a certain number of years, will fall, 'and like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion, leave not a wreck behind.'

If I recollect right you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you: be always ready therefore to go, at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little cloſet, arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confuſion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it,

as ſome have fancied they can, in the buſtle and hurry and hurry of a ſudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution has proved an irreparable injury to thouſands.

Excuſe this haſty epiſtle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal and ſincere attachment of

Your humble ſervant.

Soliloquy.

THOUGH ſoliloquy, in the perturbation of paſſion, is undoubtedly natural, and indeed not unfrequent in real life, yet Congreve, who himſelf has penned ſeveral good ſoliloquies, yields, with more candour than knowledge, that they are unnatural; and he only pretends to juſtify them from neceſſity. This he does in his dedication of the *Double Dealer*, in the following words:—'When a man, in a ſoliloquy, reaſons with himſelf, and *pros* and *cons*, and weighs all his deſigns, we ought not to imagine, that this man either talks to us, or himſelf; he is only thinking, and thinking (frequently) ſuch matter as it were inexcuſable folly in him to ſpeak. But becauſe we are concealed ſpectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it neceſſary to let us know the whole myſtery of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this perſon's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make uſe of the expedient of ſpeech, no other better way being yet invented for the communication of thought.'

A Noon Tide Walk in February.
By J. M. L.

The fleecy tenants of yon diſtant field
Have by the hedge a certain ſhelter found:
Nature has taught them thus to ſeek a ſhield,
When black and ſtormful clouds are flying round.
Author's Manuſcript Poems.

UPON opening my chamber window on this cheerleſs morning of February, the above lines occurred to my recollection upon ſeeing, in a neighbouring field, a flock of fleecy innocents crowded together under a hedge, to avoid the 'pitileſs pelting' of a ſevere ſnow-ſtorm, which was then falling, and which lay tolerably thick upon the ground. The wind was piercingly cold, and the old proverb ſeemed perfectly verified, 'As days lengthen, cold ſtrengthens.' Finding the proſpect from my caſement not a very agreeable one, I cloſed it and came down to breakfaſt, at which meal I moſtly indulge in the luxury of reading. Chance this morning conducted my hand to Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy,' and I read the following lines with uncommon intereſt: they beautifully blend a deſcription of winter, with the employment of a 'Farmer's Boy' in that ſeaſon.

'When now, unſparing as the ſcourge of war,
Blaſts follow blaſts, and groves diſmantled roar,
Around their home the ſtorm-pinch'd cattle lows:
No nouriſhment in frozen paſtures grows;
Yet frozen paſtures every morn reſound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy brambles ceaſe to ſprout,
Beneath dread winter's level ſheets of ſnow
The ſweet nutritious *turnip* deigns to grow,
Till now imperious want and wide-ſpread dearth
Bid labour claim her treaſures from the earth.
On *Giles*, and ſuch as *Giles*, the labour falls
To ſtrew the ſecond load where hunger calls.
On driving gales ſharp hail indignant flies,
And ſtill, more irkſome ſtill, aſſails his eyes:

Snow

Snow clogs his feet; or, if no ſnow is ſeen,
The field with all its juicy ſtore to ſcreen,
Deep goes the froſt, till every root is found
A rolling maſs of ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly faſt,
No heifer ſtrong begin the cold repaſt,
Till *Giles* with pond'rous beetle foremoſt go,
And ſcatt'ring ſplinters fly at ev'ry blow;
When preſſing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mixt breath warm exhalations riſe.

In beaded rows if drops now deck the ſpray,
While Phœbus grants a momentary ray,
Let but a cloud's broad ſhadow intervene,
And ſtiffen'd into gems the drops are ſeen;
And down the furrow'd oak's broad ſouthern ſide
Streams of diſſolving rime no longer glide.'

About eleven o'clock the ſnow ceaſed to fall, and I determined on a ramble. Stout ſhoes, warm buſkins, woollen gloves, and a thick great-coat, bade defiance to the wind, and I ſet out. Every thing was wrapped in dazzling whiteneſs, and I could ſcarcely track my path in the ſnow. The wind moaned ſadly through the trees; and its bitter language ſeemed to be, 'Ye ſons of poverty and daughters of miſery, I come to ſearch your crazy habitations, to bid with cold ſeverity your ſufferings increaſe, to check the warm heart-blood in its courſe, and open wider

'The bleeding artery of grief.'

Thus I interpreted the howlings of the ſtorm, and then ejaculated—Oh! ye ſons of affluence and daughters of mercy, be yours the care to ſoften the afflicting pang of poverty, the chilling gripe of adverſity; be yours the pleaſure giving taſk to feed the hungry offſpring of hardy honeſty; to clothe the almoſt naked child of miſery; to lift up the drooping head of aged want, and teach the countenance clouded by deſpair to wear the ſmile of thankfulneſs! And all this ye might do, nor miſs the trifle it would coſt.—One night's expence at the crowded opera would make the ruſtic hovel a ſcene of happineſs for a week; the coſt of *one ſingle night's* faſhionable revelry *would make a whole village comfortable for the winter!*

'Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh!'

When ſuch a ſmall ſacrifice would make ſo many happy, and it is not done. How much more gratifying muſt be the pleaſure of giving health and joy to a diſtreſſed family than any ſplendid amuſement the metropolis can offer!

Oh! pleaſing taſk! to eaſe their care;
Their piercing winter's woe;
To hear the liſping orphan's pray'r
In thankful accents flow;

To make the aged peaſant's joy
Too great for words to tell,
Too pure for flattery's baſe alloy:—
The tear ſpoke more that fell.

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

I had now reached a ſmall ſtile, where in ſummer I have often ſat to hear the melliſluous warblers pour forth their choral anthems; not a chirp was now to be heard; I had not even ſeen a robin in my walk. I croſſed the ſtile, and on a bank, which was protected from the ſnow by an overhanging tree, diſcovered an early primroſe: but its petals were cloſed up; it had ſhrunk from the paſſing gale, like a delicate female from the rude touch of ruffian intemperance. Simple bloſſom! you cloſely reſemble the youth turned early on the world, without a friend to guide him along its intricate paths, who too often falls a victim to the ſtorms of paſſion.

Gentle flow'r! thy fate too often
Emblem is of infant woe.
When mild airs bleak winter ſoften,
Thy pale petals burſt and blow;

Soon

Soon, on frosty pinions flying,
Roars the blast with angry breath,
Whilst around deep snows are lying:—
Then, mild flow'r you sink in death.
Author's Manuscript Poems.

The snow again began to fall, and I turned by a different path towards home; for rural pleasure belongs not to February. In my way I passed the church-yard, where, but a short time before, a schoolfellow of mine had been buried. Young in years, he was old in the best qualities that adorn the mind of man; but, alas! the scourge of life, a pulmonary consumption, hurried him to an early tomb! As my path lay across the hallowed grounds I could not refrain a wish I felt to pause at his grave. The yew tree waved its gloomy bough over it; and as I leaned against the head stone, these reflections, with the rapidity of lightning, darted across my brain.—

'Here sleep the remains of a youth, who was blessed in life by every pleasure, and who eminently deserved the universal goodwill that was afforded him by all who knew him; but diseases stole upon him unawares, withered his form, and led him like a wornout traveller to the grave. How like the feathered flake of snow, that but a moment since fell on the grave-stone, and is now melted away for ever! But not so his immortal part; that, I trust, has found a sweet abode in the heaven of heavens.'

'*The sun* is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its fire,
Shall never die!'

A few pensive steps from his place of rest brought me to my humble habitation: comfort welcomed me in, and peace shared with me the fire that shone brightly as I entered the parlour. 'And what, after all,' I exclaimed as I sat down, 'is all the bustle of ambition, the pomp of greatness, the anxiety of worldly affairs, compared to the pure enjoyments of domestic felicity! They are as the gaudy sunflower to the modest violet; the one flaunts in the ray of *Phœbus* with all the glitter of proud insignificance, but yields no fragrance to the sense; while the other shrinks from the prying eye of curiosity, but scatters round its close abode a spicy sweetness.'

A Noontide Walk in March. By the Same.

'This rude untrodden path I joy to tread—
For pleasant thoughts it oft hath conjur'd up
Of grassy lanes in country, lone and wild,
Deep-rutted, plashy, and that poorly serve
To link the hamlet to the distant town;
O'er which the farmer, with his sturdy team,
To weekly market drives the pond'rous load;
Or where, with dairy treasures richly charg'd,
Forth on old *Gray* his thrifty housewife goes.'
Fox's Delineations of Home Scenery.

THIS March morning rose very bright and very windy: the air was uncommonly cold, and foreboded rain; but the wind prevented it from falling by its violence, which drove the scattered clouds in billowy fleeces along the sky. I immediately recollected a most beautiful sonnet of Charlotte Smith's, nearly, but not quite, applicable to the present scene: its merit will, I am certain, be my best excuse for inserting it here.

'Swift fleet the billowy clouds along the sky,
Earth seems to shudder at the storm aghast;
While only beings as forlorn as I
Court the chill horrors of the howling blast.

'E'en round yon crumbling walls, in search of food,
The rav'nous owl foregoes his ev'ning flight;
And in his cave, within the deepest wood,
The fox eludes the tempest of the night:—

'But to my heart congenial is the gloom
Which hides me from a world I wiſh to ſhun;
That ſcene, where ruin ſaps the mould'ring tomb,
Suits with the ſadneſs of a wretch undone:
Nor is the darkeſt ſhade, the keeeneſt air,
Black is my fate, or cold as my deſpair.'

When I ſet out for my accuſtomed walk, the wind ſtill exerted its ſtormy power; but it had dried up the paths that were dirty of late, and that circumſtance gave it charms to a pedeſtrian like me; and to a perſon in health it ſeemed to bear on its wings an increaſe of that heaven-ſent bleſſing.—Not ſo the weakened ſon of lingering pain, who retires to an early couch with a form untried and a ſleepleſs eye: to him its bitter howlings are terrible, and its doleful moanings at every crevice ſeem like the hollow warnings of departed ſpirits. Returning day brings with it no charm: he cannot bear the wind to blow on him, but, ſhuddering at the bare idea of it, draws cloſer to his fire; while the ſame reflections that the wind cauſed in the night ſtill continue, thongh, perhaps, with leſs force. But, alas! ſickening pain can find no beauty in the fineſt day; and when nature robes herſelf in ſtorms, it increaſes the ſufferer's pang. Oh, father of mercies! reſtore thoſe dear to my heart, who are now drooping beneath the graſp of ſickneſs; ſoon reſtore them, to bleſs the friends of their little circle, and in thus bleſſing, to be themſelves bleſt.

For ſure, when anguiſh burſts the beating heart,
Callous the breaſt where pity is not near:
When nature yields to ſad affliction's ſmart,
Unbleſt the eye that ſheds no tender tear.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

As I proceeded in my walk, I ſoon came to an oak tree, proſtrated by the late night's ſtorm acroſs my path; its wild and fantaſtic roots now for the firſt time waved in the wind, and the earth it had torn up with it lay ſcattered about. I paused in awful admiration by its ſide; and contemplated the omniſcience of that Being who could thus by means of an inviſible power—the wind, 'that bloweth where it liſteth'—tear from its ſolid foundation the king of the foreſt, the mighty oak, Britain's invincible bulwark! Methought it might be conſidered as an emblem of an honeſt upright man, amid the contending ſtorms of ſtates and the warrings of wild ambition, erecting himſelf nobly againſt the corrupting influence of men in power, till the artful and pliant courtier, who bends to every charge as the reed does to every wind, undermines and ſaps the foundation he ſtands upon: then he falls like the oak, and, like that tree, is noble in his fall.

'What is ambition's foul deceiving pow'r,
That we ſhould ſtrive the phantom to purſue?
'Tis but the paſſing pageant of an hour,
That leaves its victim then his hopes to rue.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

The early buds, tempted by the warmth of a few proceeding days, had began to protrude themſelves from the parent ſtem; but the chilling wind of this day ſeemed evidently to have checked their progreſs. I paſſed, as I purſued my way, a ſmall garden; where I beheld its owner mounted on a ladder, with a tremendous pair of ſheers, lopping the luxuriant wildneſs of nature, diſplayed in the fanciful ramifications of each tree, to the trim ſhape his own diſtorted ideas dictated; rounding ſome, and ſquaring others, till every veſtige of *natural beauty* was gone. To me, nature in her wildeſt form is ever beautiful; and I would rather contemplate her in the moſt romantic and unfrequented glen, where ſilence holds her reign undiſturbed, ſave by the daſhing of the diſtant water-fall, then behold her mutilated by ſuch would-be amenders of nature as this man. Often, when

confined to the city's ſmoky haunts, do I envy the joys of every ruſtic; for

'Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue;
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds;
And ſtartle from her æthen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of ſolitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.'

WARTON.

I now paſſed a grove, where, ſhaded from the beams of Sol, I have muſed away many a ſummer hour: now it boaſted no beauty. The ſun was juſt obſcured by a heavy paſſing cloud, which exhibited a beautiful mixture of light and ſhade, from the moſt ſilvery brightneſs to the deepeſt gloom; the blaſt roared in awful ſublimity among the naked boughs; and ſoon from the cloud over my head the hail drops began to fall. I was now near a friend's houſe, on whom I intended calling. I therefore hurried forwards, and he met me at his gate with the ſincere welcome of friendſhip. He preſſed me to ſtay dinner: I conſented: and after it, being quite alone, he propoſed, as a new ſpecies of amuſement, that we ſhould jointly write ſome ſmall piece of poetry, by alternate lines, to reſemble as much as poſſible the performance of one perſon. It was agreed that I ſhould write the firſt line, my friend the ſecond, and ſo on. We produced the following

STANZAS.

Why does ambition fire the fev'riſh brain,
To diſpoſſeſs ſweet mercy's heav'nly ſway;
Since 'tis the certain ſource of heartfelt pain,
Clouding with baneful paſſion reaſon's day?

Or why does anger fill the manly mind,
Oft rudely blighting ſweet domeſtic peace,
Deſtroying ev'ry bliſs of ſouls refin'd?—
Thou, ſtormy paſſion! bidſt each pleaſure ceaſe.

Why does the miſer hoard his glitt'ring ſtore,
Each gen'rous impulſe forcing from his breaſt;
Driving ſad ſorrow from his hated door;
Unknown to pity, and unknown to reſt?

'Tis madneſs all!—Grant then to me, ye powers,
With fortune's gifts to cheer the woe-fraught heart:
Peace, love, and friendſhip, give to all my hours;
To live belov'd;—reſign'd with life to part!

Upon reading them over after we finiſhed, they ſeemed 'better than bargain;' and we amuſed ourſelves with the *certainty* of obtaining *immortality*, as the modern Beaumont and Fletcher.

Such joys as theſe, oh! let me ever prove!
Still may each Noontide Walk my footſteps lead
To friendſhip's hollow'd haunts, or ſweeteſt love;
My heart undoom'd by ſorrow's pang to bleed!

The Shamrock of March.

Memoirs of Thomas Johnſon, a Student.

THOMAS JOHNSON, the ſubject of theſe memoirs, was born of poor honeſt parents near Hillſylvania, in the county of Down, in Ireland: I knew him when a boy attending public worſhip at Annahilt, and ſtill better under the denomination in the title. His thirſt for learning was prodigious, and to a vehement deſire of literary renown he fell a victim, before he attained a legal maturity. Having acquired ſome knowledge of Greek and Latin, he puſhed forward to the college of Glaſ-

gow, where he maintained himself, partly by the assistance of his friends, and partly by the profits of a school, which he kept between the sessions of the university. At Glasgow, his passion for knowledge was both gratified and inflamed, by hearing the profound and elegant lectures of the professors: these he regularly attended, and was besides a diligent reader in his own room, most of the classes of the college having excellent libraries belonging to them, for the accommodation of the students. Though he was not without a taste for poetry and ornamental erudition, yet the governing inclination of his mind was towards divinity and moral philosophy, in the latter of which sciences he was eminently versed. Here truth compels me to own, some of the notes in the Minutiæ Academicæ were supplied by him; for, as we frequently drank tea together, I had many opportunities of inspecting his papers, with his express permission to copy any part of them. How many seasons he passed at Glasgow, I am not certain; but am apt to think, he would have been a living man at this day, if he had prosecuted science with less intenseness. Yet his studious habits never injured his social dispositions: in company he was sufficiently chearful, and his eyes were always remarkably bright and sparkling, indicating the superior genius which he possessed.

With such qualifications, our student laboured under one defect, which nature seemed to have given him, in order to keep him more on a level with the rest of the species; he stammered considerably in his speech. This impediment, however, was observable only in his ordinary conversation; in answering the questions of the professors, as well as in solemn discourse, it entirely vanished. He could pray without any difficulty, in the most beautiful strain of devotion imaginable, equally remote from lukewarm formality and fanatical cant. Prayer to the Almighty, to the infinitely infinite Being, is a duty which ought not to be omitted; his perfections demand it, the wants of men justify it: among the many estimable qualities that distinguished our student, he was a daily petitioner to his Maker. The aim of all his researches was to qualify himself for the sacred ministry, and with respect to this object, he thought the difference between the churches of England and Scotland immaterial, as the doctrine of both are essentially conformable to the holy scriptures. He observed to me, that the church of England had produced the greatest divines in the world, and that Scotland had no theologian to oppose to Clarke and Tillotson, until dr. Blair arose, and brought the Scotch pulpit into repute. Hence it was his intention, as soon as he had finished his academical course, to supplicate the patronage of some one of our worthy bishops, and his friends encouraged him in this determination, rightly supposing, with regard at least to his colloquial impediment, he would be more favourably placed in the established church than among the dissenters. But, while he was indulging such rational prospects, the pale messenger knocked at his chamber, and his pure and noble soul was wafted to the mansions of heavenly felicity.

I have already declared it as my belief, our indefatigable student shortened his own days by intemperate studies. Laudable as a passion for learning and philosophy must be held to be, it may nevertheless be carried to excess, and requires the guidance of discretion. Students in great towns should imitate the example of dean Swift, by mixing occasionally with the mass of the citizens, and observing the various manners of mankind. Poor Johnson was not so wise; books alone engrossed his attention, until by neglecting the care of his health, he became sensible of his error too late, and his example can only be recorded to shew the insufficiency of the brightest parts without prudence.

On Genius.

GENIUS may be defined that power of the mind which invents things;

in the ſcale of mental endowments it riſes above taſte, and is in fact nothing elſe but an intellectual energy, carrying taſte into execution. Mankind being in a great meaſure committed to their own induſtry, to diſcover what tends to their temporal improvement, genius is the faculty by which this intention of Providence is fulfilled; ſo that, whether we conſider it in its nature or effects, it is a high privilege, and among the choiceſt gifts of Heaven. Whereas wealth and power make men diſtinguiſhed only while they live, genius goes farther, and makes them known alſo to future generations: nay, it not only gives eminence to thoſe who poſſeſs it, but moreover preſerves the fame of all, who in any way perform laudable actions. Learning is neceſſary to direct, refine, and give it all the perfection of which it is capable; hence perſons depreſſed by poverty, have to contend with many difficulties in the attainment of celebrity; but ſtill, if they are among the favourites of Melpomene, they will commonly ſurmount the diſadvantages of their fortune, like Burns the poet, and Ferguſon the aſtronomer; or as the young man mentioned in the preceding leaf of the Shamrock, if he had proceeded with moderation, would probably have done. Not merely to literature is this active principle confined, but there are as many different kinds of it as there are occupations in life; as a genius for government, for war, for mechanics. Genius, however, cannot of itſelf confer genuine renown: only when combined with virtue, it becomes the object of moral approbation, thereby ſecuring the approbation of preſent and future generations.

It is a queſtion ſometimes debated by the learned, whether ancient or modern times have produced men of the greateſt genius? On which point the general opinion of our ableſt critics ſeems to be, that more original genius is to be attributed to the ancient writers, while more valuable information is to be found in the volumes of modern authors. In this deciſion we ſhall acquieſce, and proceed to conſider of the beſt methods of improving genius, which are principally three, attention to the works of nature, attention to the beſt models and compoſition, and converſation with men of letters. The man of genius cannot but chooſe to be obſervant of the works of nature, which furniſh the examples of the graces, that are to ſhine in his own productions. The peruſal of claſſical authors has obviouſly a happy influence on the imagination of a writer; as has likewiſe free and candid diſcourſe with perſons converſant with literary ſubjects. In addition to theſe means, writers ſhould watch the return of their genius, and cultivate the benevolent affections, which never fail to heighten every mental power.

As for the reſt, one may be a very worthy member of ſociety, though he be no genius: intellectual endowments, however valuable, are not ſo eſtimable as moral diſpoſitions: theſe are what conſtitute the true honour of man, and render him properly the object both of divine and human approbation. To behave with propriety, to be uſeful in the world, is competent to every man; though every man be not capable of writing an epic poem, or of ſpeaking with honour and applauſe in a public aſſembly. Moral qualifications, therefore, are thoſe, to which we ſhould direct our chief attention, without however, neglecting ſuch intellectual attainments as are within our power, and fitting for us to poſſeſs. Whether our talents be more or leſs diſtinguiſhed, we ſhould acknowledge them thankfully, cultivate them aſſiduouſly, and employ them uſefully. Agricola ſet bounds to the deſire of wiſdom; and ſir Iſaac Newton lamented that he had never married.

Sonnet to the Redbreaſt.

SOON as the dappled dawn appears,
And him who wakes for comfort chears,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt,
Beneath my window, on the thorn,
I hear thee, minſtrel of the morn,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt.

Again

Again, when evening, queen of reſt,
Waves her grey banners in the weſt,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt,
Silent the blackbird and the thruſh,
I hear thee on the hawthorn buſh,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt.

When the proud minſtrels of the ſpring,
In blowing winter ceaſe to ſing,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt,
I hear thee trill thy feeble lay,
Something between the ſad and gay,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt.

For this, when with the muſe I talk,
And meet thee in my daily walk,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt,
We ſhall in ſilence by thee tread,
And throw thee too a bit of bread,
Gentle Robin Redbreaſt.

Hillſylvania. AGLAUS.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On Good-Friday.

BE aſtoniſhed, O, heavens! and wonder, O, earth! that the immortal God ſhould become incarnate for the ſake of mankind. 'That though he was rich, yet for our ſalvation he ſhould become poor, that we through his poverty might become rich.' But then he humbled himſelf, even to the death of the ignominious croſs. This enhances the greatneſs of his love, and calls for our warmeſt gratitude. And if we gladly keep a day in memory of any benefactor, who has done us good, how much more readily ought we to be thankful for the good flowing to us through the croſs of the Redeemer. The good procured for us will appear; if we conſider, Firſt, The miſery from which we are delivered. Secondly, The danger from which we are extricated. Thirdly, The enemies which are for ever conquered. Fourthly, The bleſſings conferred on us in time and eternity.

I. The miſery from which we are delivered, will appear in taking a view of our forfeiture of the divine favour. God had enacted a law which he had guarded with a penalty, in caſe of diſobedience. This law man broke, and involved himſelf and all his poſterity in univerſal ruin. So that he became expoſed not only to preſent, but future miſery; not only to temporal but eternal death. God was moved with compaſſion, and as on this day offered himſelf as a propitiation for our ſins. He endured the ſeverity of God's law, and 'trod the wine preſs alone.' The cup of divine indignation was drunken to the very dregs; and he experienced, though an innocent ſufferer, the penal effects of our tranſgreſſions. Some have conceived that the ſeverity of our Lord's ſufferings was equal to an eternity of hell torments. Be that as it may, no heart can conceive, much leſs any tongue expreſs the excruciating nature of his croſs and paſſion. The very angels felt for his agony, and came to comfort him. So that the miſery of the moſt heroic martyrs was far inferior to that of our Saviour.

II. Let us conſider the danger from which we are extricated. By ſin we were expoſed to deſtruction, and we were juſt ready to fall into the gulf of perdition. But thanks be to God, that as on this day the Father ſpeaks; 'deliver the ſoul of man from going into the pit, for I have found a ranſom!' The wrath of God is now appeaſed—juſtice is for ever ſatisfied; ſo that the riches of Divine Grace can triumph over the jaws of deſtruction; and 'the kingdom of Heaven is opened to all believers.' If penitent we need not fear condemnation; for 'it is Chriſt who died!' He has delivered us from the puniſhment to which we were expoſed, and preſents to our view all the effects of his free and full redemption.

III. The good derived from our Saviour's redemption will appear, if we conſider the enemies which are for ever conquered. 'The laſt enemy to be deſtroyed was death;' now this is for ever vanquiſhed by our Lord's death. He paſſed through the ſilent territories of the grave, and diſarmed death of its ſting. So that all true believers may exclaim, 'O death, where is thy ſting, O grave where is thy victory? thanks be to God, who giveth us

the

the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

Another enemy is Satan; now as the 'accuser of the brethren' he is for ever silenced. He is spoiled of his dominion, and must at last submit to his government, that shall have no end. As a mighty conqueror our Lord overcame him, and made use of him to grace his triumph. The powers of darkness therefore are now confined to the limits prescribed them by Omnipotence itself. They are under the direction of our Lord and Saviour, and are made to answer his wise purposes in the government of the world. The church of God is now safe. She is upholden by that arm, who conquered as on this day; so that though perfect weakness in herself, she is terrible to her enemies, as girded by Divine Power; and is it not an irrefragable proof of our Lord's victory, that she has triumphed to the present day? 'No weapon formed against her has prospered.' And we may conclude that she will still be triumphant over death and hell.

IV. We may now consider the good procured for us, by our Lord and Saviour, as on this day, and therefore it may well be called Good Friday.

I. A good invaluable in itself is the forgiveness of all our sins; a blessing for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. All the Jewish sacrifices implied the necessity of an atonement, for they could not expiate the offence, but only as they pointed 'to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!' A guilty conscience is always attended with misery; who then can describe the good derived from 'the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin!' Millions of mankind have found benefit from it, and millions more are invited to partake of the same blessing. 'Here is pardon for infinite offence,' says the poet, 'for the foulest of the foul Christ died.'

II. Another blessing derived from the cross of Christ is a sense of the divine favour. 'Being justified by faith we have peace with God;' and can there be any good to be compared with it? it is impossible to describe the sense of the divine displeasure, when manifested to the conscience of the sinner. View it in the language of wicked Cain, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear!' the sinner is represented as saying, 'in the evening, would to God, it were morning, and in the morning, would to God it were evening.'

Solomon therefore speaks the truth, when he says, 'the spirit of a man will sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?' but God is by the death of Christ viewed as seated on a throne of mercy, 'waiting to be gracious!' the blood of the Redeemer appeases the flames of the Divine wrath. So that 'God may be viewed as reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.'

III. Another blessing connected with the former is peace of conscience, and who can fathom its nature, for it is an internal peace; all the world may be in arms, but the christian may have peace within; and this mercy flows from the cross of the Redeemer. There can be no solid peace without it. Philosophy has no doubt calmed the breast for a season, but anguish afterwards succeeded. Whereas the peace of the Gospel is like its author, the same for ever. It was the legacy of our Lord to his church, and all the heirs of salvation, are sent into the possession of it sooner or later. How tranquil is the good man under all the pressures of life. His conscience secretly supports him. And this is a witness superior to all others. It is a passport to Heaven, as it has every requisite to recommend its recipient. For an apostle could say, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give me at the last day.'

IV. By the Cross of Christ, we may likewise approach God, as our kind father. The Cross is the only way to God; for our Lord says, 'I am the way,

way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the father, but by me.' And what a privilege is it, in all our troubles to have acceſs to a mercy ſeat. No father, can be ſo compaſſionate as our heavenly father. He has the knowledge of God, and a feeling ſenſe of all our miſeries, and infirmities. 'Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'

V. Another bleſſing procured for us by the death of Chriſt, is the acceptance of our perſons and ſervices. As Abel was accepted by faith in the promiſed Meſſiah, ſo are all who poſſeſs the godly ſpirit of Abel. And this is the greateſt encouragement to every good word and work, 'foraſmuch as we know that our labour ſhall not be in vain in the Lord!' 'The cup of cold water given to a diſciple of Chriſt ſhall not loſe its reward.' So that all our works and ſervices will be accepted, if we believe in the death of Chriſt, and depend on him alone for ſalvation.

VI. By the ſacrifice of Chriſt all our enjoyments are ſanctified, and prove a bleſſing to us: ſo that we are indebted to the Saviour, for the enjoyment of the creature. He has taken the curſe from it, and the fruits of the earth are bleſſed for his ſake. All the brute creation are under obligation to him for life and happineſs. In fine there can be no true enjoyment without him. He is the reflector of all our comforts.

VII. Even the bitters of life are ſweetened by the Croſs of the Redeemer. And in one ſenſe there can be no bitter, if he take the curſe from our ſuffering. It is ſin that produces miſery, and if our Lord extract this deadly evil, we ſhall find all our ſufferings agreeable. Apoſtles and martyrs had their trials alleviated by the croſs of their Saviour.

VIII. It is by virtue of the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt, that we can meet death with comfort, and triumph on the tomb. Philoſophy has moſt awfully failed its votaries on a death bed. Voltaire proved the truth of this remark. In proſperity he boaſted of his deiſm, but in the proſpect of eternity all his courage forſook him; he then ſaw the neceſſity of a Saviour, and we hope found mercy through his ſacrifice on the croſs. We can defy all the ſceptical tribe to produce any martyrs of their own, comparable with thoſe, who believed in Divine Revelation. The earl of Rocheſter was comforted in dying circumſtances, as biſhop Burnet informs us, from the 53d chapter of the prophecy of Iſaiah, as making known clearly the ſufferings and death of the Meſſiah; though in the former part of his life he had awfully denied him.

IX. It is by the death of Chriſt alone, that we can be admitted into Heaven. It is impoſſible that the ſacrifices of the law can be of ſervice to this important end. 'For there is none other name but Jeſus, whereby we can be ſaved, neither is there ſalvation in any other.'

Whereas the door is open for all mankind to be ſaved, by the death of Chriſt: but then we are not to exclude good works, for they are the evidences of a juſtified ſtate, and prove us to be the diſciples of Chriſt, in deed and in truth.'

Is it not proper, therefore to obſerve Good Friday, as we derive ſo much good from the croſs of Chriſt on this day. Or, can we name any benefactor who has done us ſo much good as the Redeemer of mankind, who has removed all evil from us, and reinſtated us in the poſſeſſion of preſent, and future felicity. And if the day of atonement was ſtrictly obſerved under the law, how much more ſtrict ought we to keep the day, on which our Lord was crucified under the goſpel? 'It ſhall be a ſabbath of reſt unto you, and ye ſhall afflict your ſouls by a ſtatute for ever.' Now, if it were neceſſary for the Iſraelites to afflict their ſouls, and chaſtiſe their bodies on their great day of atonement, how ought we on this day to repent of our ſins, and pray for mercy.

Dalkey, T. M.
Good Friday, April 4, 1806.

Peru-

Peculation.

Mr. Walker,

SIR,

THROUGH the medium of your impartial magazine, I expect to find a vehicle for the conveyance of my thoughts on the subject of *peculation* to the place-hunters in particular, and to the people of Ireland in general.

For many years I had held a lucrative office, the duties of which enabled me to take a view into the arcana of public abuses; but as I have commenced patriot since my removal from office, I think it my duty to set the nation in the right way to find out the channels through which a great part of its revenues have floated.

My thoughts were for a long time occupied in devising means which would ensure to my family and myself every comfort in my old age; and I hit upon a plan, which, without calling conscience to counsel, I determined to adopt. The place I held was formerly occupied by men who either hanged or drowned themselves, cut their throats, or finished their existence in some such English-like way. Suicide had no charms for me—I was resolved to peculate, and afterwards enjoy, if it were possible, the *gleanings* of my *perquisites*—the remainder to be kept in an iron chest for the use of the nation, should a committee of enquiry happen to be instituted for my department.

Vast sums of money, some of which comprehended the hard earnings of the thrifty citizens, passed through my hands. It was my wish that they should have all been applied for specific purposes—but 'self-preservation' being the motto of my family for time immemorial, I was resolved to cling to the text of it while I retained my faculties. I had, besides, a fashionable wife, eleven daughters, half a dozen servants, a genteel equipage, a house in town, and a villa in the country to maintain. All this could not be done cheaply—neither could I have portioned my daughters off handsomely with what I was legally entitled to.

On the funds—the lottery—and so forth I gambled alternately—I visited my office every morning, shaved and powdered, in a suit of plain black clothes, properly brushed; my boots were usually foxed, and my hat bespoke no appearance of extravagance. I was assiduous to a fault, and *so* civil and punctual to every soul breathing, that the breath of invective or complaint never durst approach me.

All this time the want of caution, or activity, or suspicion, or carelessness in my superiors, enabled me to keep my consort in affluence—my daughters in splendour—and my domestics in comfort.

Fate, who divulges every thing, was at length unpropitious. Enquiries having been set on foot in all the public departments, mine, of course, though the least delinquent, was put under the sweeping powers of the commissioners. But their brooms were of no avail. I had wisely disposed of all my items and the memorandums of my clerks in the flames. For what money I had circulated in its proper province, I always secured vouchers—for such as I had circulated in improper places, *i. e.* amongst my wife's tradesmen, my daughters *fashioners*, and my domestics' duns, I didn't mind taking any particular memorandum; and as to what I laid out upon divers pieces of land for agriculture, and lots of ground for building on, I knew no more of the *particular* means which enabled me to do so, than I now know of the means by which the new administration, broad-bottomed as it is, will be enabled to *bear* the national debt, before they are *delivered* of it.

The inspectors of my accounts, very civil gentlemen to be sure, paid me many compliments on the neatness of my office—they asked kindly after my spouse, my daughters, and myself—hoped that good health, which formed so large a portion of human happiness waited upon each, and followed their affected compliment by hoping they would find my department totally free from the imputation so generally and justly laid at the doors of certain individuals, concerned in almost every department, through which the public purse was of necessity to pass.

I affected great ſurpriſe that men, who were honoured with the confidence of government, ſhould be baſe enough to be ray their truſt—and aſſured the inſpectors that they were perfectly welcome to ſcrutinize to the utmoſt every proceeding (even the moſt trivial) in the office which I had the honour to fill. The inſpectors ſmiled while I proclaimed my honeſty, as if they were inclined to think me a partaker in the general ſyſtem of purloin.

After a few conſequential *hems*, and three or four official *haws*, the following ſhort converſation commenced, between the principal inſpector and myſelf:

Inſpector. Pray, mr. Parchment, how many clerks are employed in your office?

Parchment. Only twelve.

Inſpector—(looking round.) You ſurprize me—one would imagine the buſineſs here could have been accompliſhed with leſs than half that number.

Parchment. Impoſſible—the immenſity of labour here would ſurpriſe you—you can't tell how much reckoning, and writing, and checking, and dark dealings we have met with.

Inſpector. O, 'tis true, I have heard a great deal about the immenſe ſums of money which have paſſed through this office for ſeveral years.

Parchment. So much, ſir, that, were it not for that ſtrict centinel, my conſcience, I might have been inclined to follow the example of the Scotch laird—but neither avarice, nor extravagance, nor the idea of making my progeny independent, would induce me for a moment to lay my finger on a penny that was not my right by the law and cuſtom of the country, and the regulation of my office.

Inſpector. Have you the books and papers of this place ready for our inſpection—I truſt it is not equal in delinquency to thoſe I have already viſited?

Parchment. There are books and vouchers on that counter ready this moment for your inſpection.

Inſpector. This promptitude gives me great ſatisfaction—it favours ſo much of zeal in the public cauſe, that I ſhall make a favourable report.

Parchment. Of what, my dear ſir—I merely do my duty?

Inſpector. Of your civility. In other places my reception was quite different. I ſhall remove the books without delay—my ſervants are in the hall.

Parchment. Ring for them, good ſir, I am quite anxious my accounts ſhould be ſpeedily inſpected—they will be found ſquare and honeſt—the vouchers will be found regular and good.

Inſpector. Indeed you give me great ſatisfaction. But—I had almoſt forgot—pray, mr. Parchment, is your office very deficient in pecuniary concerns?

Parchment. Deficient, ſir—look at that box.

Inſpector. The govt. box!—Quite empty I ſuppoſe, of valuable property, and filled with creditors applications, notaries proteſts, and angry invectives from diſappointed expectants.

Parchment. Pardon me, ſir, I havn't been ſo improvident or diſhoneſt, notwithſtanding the remiſſneſs of my nominal overſeers. That cheſt contains more than 10,000l. belonging to the public, for which there was no uſe in my department.

I need not, mr. Walker, inform you of any farther particulars of this converſation—I will only ſay, the inſpector was aſtoniſhed and delighted beyond any power of expreſſion that I can demonſtrate. My honour and integrity ſtood unimpeached—my wife flouriſhed with unuſual grandeur—and *all* my proſpects would have been complete, had not the Dutch-built adminiſtration taken an opportunity to remove ſo many cumbrous *clerks* from their weighty places.

Truſting my mode of providing for a family may prove of uſe to my ſucceſſors, I remain, &c. &c.

Yours moſt truly,

OLIVER PARCHMENT.

Primroſe-Park,
Violet-Hill, March, 1806.

Journal

Journal of the Proceedings of the Fourth Session of the Second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. *(Continued from page 176.)*

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 24.

LORD HAWKE took the oaths and his seat.

Lord Grenville brought a meſſage from his majeſty, recommending an extenſion of the penſion granted to earl St. Vincent, which at preſent ſtands limited to his two next male heirs.—His lordſhip, on the meſſage being read, obſerved, that in conferring penſions for ſuch brilliant ſervices as thoſe achieved by earl St. Vincent, it was the conſtant practice to extend them to the two next ſucceſſions to the title of peerage. It was certainly the intention of his majeſty, that this practice ſhould have been obſerved in the caſe of the earl; but by ſome error in part of the bill, the penſion was limited to the two next male heirs. He mentioned this circumſtance to prevent any ſuppoſition being entertained, that by the preſent recommendation, there would be conferred on earl St. Vincent any new grant.

The earl of Briſtol wiſhed to know whether the lord chief juſtice of the king's bench had a ſeat in his majeſty's cabinet?

Lord Grenville anſwered, that ever ſince the exiſtence of the privy council in this country, the lord chief juſtice of the king's bench was immediately after his nomination, ſworn in a member of that body. By the oath which he took, he bound himſelf to be ready, when called upon, to give his majeſty his advice, with reſpect to the concerns of his government, and alſo with reſpect to his confidential ſervants. In this ſituation ſtood lord Ellenborough when the preſent adminiſtration came into office. The conſtitution of this country recognized no ſuch body as a cabinet however frequently that appellation might be given to a committee of the privy council. He had thought it his duty to adviſe his majeſty to call for the aſſiſtance of lord Ellenborough as a member of that committee. Not only was he of opinion that this advice was perfectly conſonant to the ſpirit of the conſtitution, but it was juſtified by precedent, as, he believed, in the caſes of lords Hardwicke and Mansfield.

The earl of Briſtol ſaid, that he now took it for granted, that the lord chief juſtice conſtituted a member of the preſent adminiſtration. This was a circumſtance which he conceived might be productive of conſequences deſtructive of the liberty of the ſubject, and the important adminiſtration of juſtice.—He therefore gave notice, that he would ſubmit a propoſition on this ſubject on Monday next.

25.] The earl of Eglintoun took the oaths and his ſeat.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 24.

LORDS Temple, Offulſton, Wm. Ruſſell, Morpeth, and R. Spencer; meſſrs. Windham, Calcraft, D. Erſkine, and gen. Fitzpatrick, took the oaths and their ſeats.

Earl Temple, mr. Calcraft, and lord R. Spencer, were added to the committee for preparing articles of impeachment againſt lord Melville.

The chancellor of the exchequer moved for an account of all offices granted in reverſion, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and for a liſt of every increaſe or diminution of ſalaries and expences of places in England from 1805 to 1806. Ordered.

He then delivered a meſſage relative to earl St. Vincent's annuity, ſimilar to that delivered in the upper houſe.

Mr. P. Moore preſented a petition from ſome freeholders of Middleſex againſt the return of G. B. Mainwaring, eſq. It was the renewal of a former petition, founded on the ſuppoſed ineligibility of the preſent member. A long converſation enſued; and mr. Mainwaring having obſerved that the petition ſhould have been preſented within four days after the commence-

ment of the ſeſſion, the ſpeaker declared that it was inadmiſſible.

25] Meſſrs. Gray, Pigott, H. Addington, and ſir C. Pole, took the oaths and their ſeats.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Francis adverted to the vaſt importance of every thing that related to our Indian affairs, and expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the difference which prevailed reſpecting them, as the financial ſituation of India was growing every day more formidable. He thought it an unprecedented thing that no India budget was brought forward laſt year. If, as lord Caſtlereagh had aſſerted, the accounts had not been ſent from India, that omiſſion was a breach of the act of parliament; and if, on the other hand, thoſe accounts had been intercepted by the enemy, the officer who ſuffered this event to take place had been guilty of a high crime. With reſpect to a loan of 350,000l. ſaid to have been made by the preſidency of Bombay to the Gwicawar, he had endeavoured to obtain information about it, but could not get a ſingle ray of light from any quarter. It was well known, that all the preſidencies of India were in great diſtreſs for want of money; but Bombay was the pooreſt. It was therefore improbable that they ſhould have lent ſuch a large ſum of money to the Gwicawar, who was bound by a treaty to give them money, in order to pay the ſubſidiary force which was kept up in his dominions. In the report of the preſidency of Bombay, it was ſtated that this prince was a man of extremely weak intellects, and that the company were therefore bound to ſupport his intereſts, and even paid his body guard. Was it probable that they would lend 350,000l. to ſuch a man? It was his opinion, that the Gwicawar never received a ſhilling of that money; and he thought this was a matter of much conſequence to aſcertain. He concluded by moving, That there be laid before the houſe extracts of any letters or accounts from the preſidency of Bombay, reſpecting the ſaid ſum of money.

Lord Caſtlereagh ſaid it would appear that there had been no gift of money to the Gwicawar, but a loan advanced on the ſecurity of his lands.

Mr. Francis then agreed to withdraw his motion for the preſent.

Mr. Paul regretted that he could not join in the congratulations that had often been made in the houſe relative to the flouriſhing ſtate of India: on the contrary, he thought that the blind confidence of the houſe in the ſtatements which were preſented them, contributed more to place the country in danger, than even that hoſtile flotilla which threatened to invade its ſhores.—In this perſuaſion, he had given notice of motions for information, on which he meant to ground an accuſation againſt the marquis Welleſley. When he heard of the death of lord Cornwallis, it appeared to him that the ſun of Great Britain was for ever ſet in India, and he wiſhed for the appointment of a ſelect committee to conſider generally the affairs of the company: This bill was to operate upon the population of 40,000,000 of people, and upon the property of no leſs than 250,000,000l. This bill had been violated in all its points. It enjoined, that, of the ſurplus of the revenue, a million annually ſhould be ſet apart for commercial ſervices; not a ſhilling of which, however, had been ſo applied ſince the year 1798. At the time that the bill was paſſed, although the debt did not much exceed 7,000,000l., this debt was conceived ſo formidable, that it was reſolved to reduce it to 2,000,000l; and, for this purpoſe, the act required, that half a million a year ſhould be applied to the reduction of the debt.—Not a ſhilling, however, had ever been applied to the liquidation of the debt, which had ſince increaſed to a moſt formidable amount. After thoſe appropriations ſhould be made, then the act allowed a dividend of 10 per cent. to the proprietors. It now happened, that this was the only part of the law which was not violated, and it was preciſely that part of it which would be 'more honoured in the breach than in the obſervance.' As to the inveſtments that were to be made from colonial produce

duce to be imported, there had been no such thing After the appropriations which he had already ſtated, the company had bargained with the public, as a ſmall equivalent for their excluſive commerce, that they would pay a ſum of 500,000l. annually. Of this ſum not a ſhilling had been paid.—There remained now due to the public, on that account, 7,000,000l., which, with the accumulation of the intereſt, would have redeemed no leſs than 35,000,000l. of national debt. It was alſo expreſsly enacted in that law, that after the liquidation of the debt there ſhould be an appropriation of half a million annually, to form a guarantee fund. In ſhort, it appeared that every part of this law had been violated. He declared, that in coming forward to ſtate thoſe violations of the law, he was induced by no other conſideration, than a ſenſe of the duty he owed his country. The debts of the company were 30,000,000l. in India, 12,000,000l. at home, beſide the 7,000,000l. that he contended they were indebted to the public as the price of their charter.—He concluded by moving the firſt of his reſolutions, which was, 'for an account of the amount of the bills of exchange drawn upon India, in conſequence of the act of the 3d of his majeſty.'

Lord Caſtlereagh obſerved, that the mover had blended together the territorial and commercial revenues; he defended the exportation of bullion, which is now conſidered only as a commercial medium; and ſaid that it would be impoſſible for gentlemen to form a right judgment of the preſent ſtate of India affairs, until the accounts of the year 1803 and 1804 were before the houſe. He concluded by aſſerting that if it had not been that the ſubſequent expences of the war had diſturbed unexpectedly the proſperity which prevailed in 1803, the ſtatements he had made would have been realized.

Lord Folkſtone and mr. Francis ſpoke to the ſame effect as mr. Paul; and

Lord Caſtlereagh replied, that in 1803 there had been a ſurplus of above 11,000,000l. and the nation would have participated, if it had not been that, in the beginning of the war in Europe, a duty had been laid on tea to ſuch an amount that the company ſuffered a loſs in that article of above half a million.

Mr. Grant ſupported the argument of lord Caſtlereagh, and called upon miniſters to be cautious how they ſanctioned the principle that had been juſt held forth, or ſuffered an idea to prevail that they had an intention to change the conſtitution of that government.

Mr. Fox paid ſome compliments to mr. Francis, and declared, that he had no objection to the production of the documents; he did not think that the conſtitution of India ought to be changed; but with reſpect to the affairs of the company he was of opinion that either they muſt have been groſsly negligent, in not having paid within ten years any part of the debt which they were bound by law to have paid in yearly inſtallments, or the houſe muſt have been deluded by a fallacious ſtatement of their affairs on paſſing that ſtatute.

Sir T. Metcalfe ſaid, the defalcation of the company had ariſen, not ſo much from any failure in their own reſources, as from the enormous riſe on the tea duties in the laſt war—from 12½ to 95 per cent. which prevented the accumulation of a ſurplus of five millions, which was more than adequate to have paid the whole of their debt, and which had brought above twelve millions into the treaſury.

After ſome further argument, the ſeveral motions of mr. Paul were carried.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

To a Gentleman who threw a Pack of Cards into the Fire.

I HAVE heard a report to your ſhame
Which I hope, for your ſake, is not true
Of a family ſet all in flame,
And the deed perpetrated by you.

Although

Although royal, from your cruel hand
No protection they found; for your ire
Was so great—kings they could not withstand,
But were cast, with their queens, in the fire.

Poor *Jack*, he met no better fate;
But this his griev'd friends may console,
That he died by the side of the *grate*,
Lies with royalty in the same hole.

And many good *hearts* fell that night,
Who had fought with their *clubs* in your cause;
Though subalterns, yet equal in fight,
They had gain'd many times your applause.

To see *diamonds* consign'd to the flame,
Heap'd on *spades*, a sight shocking and sad;
Which to me seems a step beyond shame,
For surely you must be stark mad.

S. C——E.

March. A Sonnet.

MARCH with a modest primrose deck'd appears,
A flow'r unenvious of the tulip gay;
Whose simple bloom the sinking soul more cheers
Than all the flaunting train of summer's day.
Though cutting winds still round its green bed fly,
Though March no zephyr'd softness deigns to bring,
Though clouds collecting still obscure the sky,
Yet, 'tis the herald sure of coming spring:
For, when March sinks in unlamented death,
And seeks some colder clime's uncheering skies,
As a last boon to grace his parting breath,
He bids a softer season swift arise;
And sends, to rid us of our wintry fears,
A month—adorn'd alike with smiles and tears.

J. M. L.

The Shopman. Supposed to have been written by one.

I AM a Shopman! some may think my lot
By no means enviable; but I do find
More pleasure in this servile shopman's state
Than doth the man they call my master,
In all the fancied greatness of his power.
A Shopman has no cares to plague his mind;
And though his fate condemns him still to toil
Through all the * *boriſh* business of the day;
Though he must rise, and deck his master's window
With silks and satins, lace, or rich brocade;
Though he must bow obsequious to the ladies,
And do the dirty drudgery of trade;
Doth he not find a pleasing recompense,
Soon as the ev'ning bell tolls out for *eight*?
Then a man of later compound than himself
Shuts up his master's shop, for he would starve

N O T E S.

* *A word supposed to have been in common use at the time the poem was written, but now forgotten.*

Rather than soil *his gloves* with nasty shutters,
When this is done, behold him, dress'd *in style*,
Fly on the wings of swift impetuosity
To where the crowded theatre invites;
There at half price he enters; beneath his arm
A modern hat, ycleped an *Opera Slouch*,
He fiercely carries!
Here let me tell, to those whose simple minds
Are uninform'd in matters such as these,
That opera slouches may with ease be hir'd,
To make a *Gentleman*, at *half-a-crown!*
Now to the theatre we turn again,
Where in the lobby many a shopman struts,
And swears as well, and calls as loud about him,
E'en as a man of property immense,
Or as a lord just come to his estate;
He calls himself *a captain*; but, alas!
Next morning finds him fix'd behind the counter.
On other nights he seeks some friendly club,
Known by the name of *Tree and Ealy!*
Here, from his volubility of tongue,
He often fills *the chair*; and while he smokes,
Fixes the fate of this, and other nations,
So much of politics there is within him.
With such amusements he contrives full well
To pass away the week, but longs for Sunday,
That he may *shine away* in high pre-eminence;
For then in buckskins and in boots dress'd out,
He strides in stile his livery-stable nag,
And takes a five, or seven shilling ride,
Either to Hyde-park's dusty Rotten Row,
Or out of town he seeks his happy way.
But Sunday's pleasure finishes not so,
Night finds him in some city tavern's walls,
Where the swift-circling glass inspires his blood,
And forth he sallies, 'but with the Tuscan grape,'
Making the streets re-echo with his shout!
These are the joys which wait a Shopman's life.
Methinks I hear some reader now exclaim,
'How can a Shopman do all this, I pray?
I've heard the wages they receive are small,
Not more than would suffice, I should suppose,
To dress them in the garb they now assume.'
To ignorance so great I answer thus:
'Truly we have a certain close convenience
Within our master's shops; 'tis called a till;
And we are pensioners upon its bounty.
There when we introduce a hand or finger,
The money sticks to it,——'tis strange, but true;—
This till we find a never-failing friend;
And though some men morose may knit their brows,
Call us 'Till Pensioners,' or 'Dirty Knaves,'
'Gazette enlarging Rogues,'—we heed it not,
But calmly follow up our usual course,
Till a 'Whereas' appears in the Gazette,
And tells our master's ruin to the world;
Who wonders *e'en himself*, how it could happen,
So good a trade he had!—but we lie snug,
And calm our consciences by softly saying,
'Necessity thou hast no law.'
Soon we apply to others for a place,
Or rather I should say *a situation*,
Our characters remain untarnish'd;
And we thus live a sort of prince's life,
By breach of trust.—Till burglary at most!—

To

Jeu d'Esprit, written Extempore, by Mr. R. CUMBERLAND, *on resolving to write no more Love Elegies.*

WHEN wise men love they love to folly,
When blockheads love they're melancholy,
When coxcombs love, they love for fashion,
And quaintly call it the belle passion.

Old bachelors, who wear the willow,
May dream of love, and hug their pillow,
Whilst love, in poet's fancy rhyming,
Sets all the bells of folly chiming.

But women, charming women prove
The sweet varieties of love,
They can love all, but none too dearly,
Their husbands too, but not sincerely.

They'll love a thing whose outward shape,
Marks him twin brother to an ape;
They'll take a miser for his riches,
And wed a beggar without breeches.

Marry, as if in love with ruin,
A gamester, to their sure undoing,
A drunkard raving, swearing, storming,
For the mere pleasure of reforming.

They'll wed a lord, whose breath shall falter
Whilst he is crawling from the altar:
What is there women will not do,
When they love man and money too?

A Horse for after Dinner. An Epigram.

'*SAYS* sir Toby, 'my friend, can you get
'me a nag
'That will ride very quiet—and serve as a fag?
'Yes, I've one that will suit you; he's steady
and mild,
'And so safe in his paces, he'd carry a child.'
'A child!' says sir Toby, 'that is not the sort;
'Do you think he can carry *two bottles of port?*'

Y.

The following very singular and truly whimsical Amende Honorable, *is extracted from a late* Lincoln Mercury.

WHEREAS I BENJAMIN BIRCH,
Of Baston-town (and near the church,)
At Stamford market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk, and 'bused my neighbour COLE.
For which he hath to my vexation,
By law compell'd this declaration;
That I without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as base as treason;
And therefore do his pardon ask—
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own, I was to blame,
Why —— it then, I'll sign my name.

BENJAMIN BIRCH.

Baston, Jan. 7th, 1806.

Veluti in Speculum.

The following Characters claim a Place in your Magazine; the Insertion of them will place in that valuable Repository an original Composition.

CONNAUGHT.

A CONNAUGHT Man will get all he can,
His impudence never has miss all;
Will seldomer flatter—
Than bully and batter;
And he talks of his kin and his pistol.

MUNSTER.

A Munster Man—is civil by plan,
Again, and again he'll entreat you;
Tho' you ten times refuse,
He his object pursues;
Which is nine out of ten times to cheat you.

ULSTER.

An Ulster Man—ever means to trepan,
He watches your eye and opinion;
He will ne'er disagree,
'Till his int'rest it be;
And impudence marks his dominion.

LEINSTER.

A Leinster Man—is with all cup and can;
He calls t'other provinces knaves,
But each of them see,
When he starts with the three,
That his distance he frequently saves.

Lines supposed to be spoken by CALEB, *the Son of* JEPHUNNEH, *on viewing the Land of Canaan.*

BEHOLD the promised land appears:
The pleasing view my bosom cheers;
Its fresh'ning gales my soul delight:
Oh, heavenly gift! Oh, glorious sight!

But who are these whose awful height
The human stature far exceeds?
Can we withstand them in the fight?
Can we, unskill'd in warlike deeds?

Before these men of war, of might,
All human force appall'd must stand:
But Israel's God himself will fight,
And we shall conquer by His hand.

Come, then, my brethren, doubt, and fear,
And each distrustful thought begone;
For Israel's God is Monarch here—
This land, as others, is His own.

The waving corn, it graceful bends;
The purple grapes luxurious glow;
As far as sight its view extends,
See streams of milk and honey flow.

Come, then, my brethren, let's proceed,
Before these mighty men we'll stand;
For Israel's God will fight, indeed;
And we shall conquer by his hand.

OMICRON.

State

State of Public Affairs.

RUSSIA.

THE court of Peterſburgh has judged it proper to publiſh the following account of the battle of Auſterlitz, with a view to refute the gaſconades of the French emperor.

(From the Peterſburgh Journal of February 2.)

The iſſue of the battle of Auſterlitz has been ſo well confirmed by its conſequences, that it is almoſt incredible how France could publiſh ſuch extravagant and untrue relations of that affair. All Europe, and the Ruſſian nation in particular, juſtly expect a relation on our part. The love of truth alone, and the wiſh to adduce none but well authenticated facts, have hitherto prevented the appearance of this relation. In the mean while it is neceſſary to correct ſome of the ſtatements of the French bulletins, particularly the 30th, and to lay them before the public.

General Savary ſpoke with two perſons only belonging to the emperor's ſuite, and excepting thoſe, he only ſaw ſome field adjutants, who had brought diſpatches from their chiefs, or were in waiting to tranſmit orders to them.

The chief of the French nation might not have derived any pleaſure from the converſation of prince Dolgorucky; but he at the ſame time forgot that the Ruſſians did not belong to thoſe nations who ſought his protection.

The number of the allied army, as ſtated in the bulletins, 'was 105,000 men, viz. 80,000 Ruſſians and 25,000 Auſtrians, and the French much inferior.'—But why were their numbers not given?—Beſides the reſerve, which alone was ſaid to be equal to an army, the enemy's force conſiſted of four large diviſions of 20,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, each commanded by a marſhal, and two generals of diviſion. The combined army, on the other hand, conſiſted of 52,000 Ruſſians and 17,000 Auſtrians.

But this inferiority in numbers was the leaſt misfortune of the Ruſſian army: the ſcarcity of proviſions was ſo great, that for nearly two days preceding the battle they had nothing to eat. The horſes were famiſhed to ſuch a degree, that thoſe belonging to the artillery could no longer draw. Of courſe, in the battle, the artillery was of little uſe, excepting in thoſe ſtations where it was at firſt planted. The total failure of proviſions and forage was alone ſufficient to prevent our maintaining our poſt any longer at Olmutz, or to take another ſtation in the rear. Theſe circumſtances urged the neceſſity of the battle, the happy reſult of which could only be expected from the valour of the troops. The imperial guard, of which it is ſaid in the bulletin that it loſt all its colours, are ſtill in poſſeſſion of them, and have taken one from the enemy. The combined army, it is ſaid, loſt 15,000 men killed, and 20,000 priſoners. They do not include among theſe the 20,000 ſaid to have been drowned!

After ſo many forced marches, and ſo much fatigue and hunger as had been ſuſtained, with the ſickneſs conſequent thereunto; after the affairs upon the Danube and in Moravia; of the whole Ruſſian army there was not a deficiency of more than 17,000 men. But, were the loſs as conſiderable as the bulletin has pretended, why was not the Ruſſian army purſued, as that bulletin falſely aſſerts? On the contrary, the Ruſſian army kept the field till the next morning. The armiſtice was not concluded but with the emperor of Germany, at whoſe particular deſire the Ruſſians firſt commenced their retreat, and which was alſo effected in good order and without loſs, notwithſtanding the French partly aſſert, that during the negotiations with Auſtria, the French army proſecuted its victories. To enhance the glory of this day, the French bulletin ſays, that the French guard (the reſerve corps) took no part in the battle.—The ſame bulletin, however, afterwards aſſerts, that when one French battalion was broken by the Ruſſian guards, Bonaparte ordered marſhal Beſſieres to advance,

vance, and that 'the imperial guards on both sides came into action.'

The French bulletins abound with false statements, over which the pretended noise and distraction, occasioned by the discharge of 200 pieces of cannon, and a conflict betwen 200,000 men, throws but a flimsy covering. Can it possibly serve the interests of a great general to sanction such reports? Can he really stand in need of such means as these to increase that military glory which is not denied him?—*Posterity will do justice to the truth.*

PRUSSIA.

The policy of Prussia during the late crisis has not been fully understood. The views of that court are fully developed in the following state paper:

Memorial of Baron Von Hardenberg, Minister of State to the King of Prussia, to Lord Harrowby the British Ambassador at the Court of Prussia.

'*Berlin, Dec.* 22, 1805.

'My Lord,

'Conformably to the answer I have already had the honour to transmit to your excellency, to the question which you addressed to me, relative to the security of the troops of his Britannic majesty, in the north of Germany, I hasten to lay before you the positive assurances which I have the pleasure to be able to communicate to you.

'Your excellency is acquainted with the present state of affairs. You will first perceive that, at the point to which matters have now come, since the unfortunate battle of Austerlitz between Austria and France, in consequence of the return of the great Russian army, and the total uncertainty in which we are with regard to the intentions of Napoleon towards Prussia, the utmost caution is absolutely necessary. The bravest army cannot always reckon upon success; and it is undoubtedly the interest of Prussia, and the interest of the world, to prevent any attack upon her at the present moment, when she would have to bear the whole burden of the war; and no confederacy adapted to circumstances has been formed; for, in case her armies should prove unsuccessful, the last ray of hope to maintain the security and independence of the continent would be extinguished.

'The king, still animated by the same wish to establish a general peace on a permanent footing, and, if possible to the satisfaction of all parties, must consequently have been ardently desirous that his mediation, stipulated in the convention signed on the 3d of November, at Potzdam, should have been accepted by France. In an interview which count Von Haugwitz had with Napoleon on the 28th of November, that monarch manifested a disposition to accept of this mediation on the two following conditions:—

'1. That during the negociation no troops of his Britannic majesty, nor any Russians nor Swedes, should advance into Holland to commence warlike operations there, after their departure from the north of Germany.

'2. That a more extensive circuit should be allowed to the fortress of Hameln, in order to relieve the distress of the garrison for provisions.

'The king could not accept these propositions under the circumstances of the moment in which they were made; but these have totally changed, and in the present conjuncture his majesty has not only judged them admissible, upon condition that the emperor Napoleon engages, on his side, not to send any troops into the north of Germany, as long as the negociation shall continue, and that he shall not undertake any thing against Hanover during the same interval—but even favourable, as time will thus be gained to take some deliberate measures, and to prepare for every contingency; either in case a war should break out, or this intermediate state of things should lead to a definitive negociation.

'That no time may be lost, his majesty has sent major Von Pfuhl to the French head-quarters, that this arrangement may be carried into effect. At the same time, count Haugwitz has received the necessary instructions, bearing date the 19th inst. and the king has given France to understand, that

that he ſhall conſider the occupation of Hanover by French troops as an act of hoſtility.

'Agreeably to what I have juſt ſtated, his majeſty has authorized me to inform your lordſhip, that, in conformity with the aſſurances already given, in caſe the troops of his Britannic majeſty and the Ruſſians ſhould prove unfortunate, the king engages for the ſecurity of the troops of his Britannic majeſty in Hanover, and grants them perfect liberty, in caſe of neceſſity, to retreat to the Pruſſian army, and to the ſtates of the king, but with the following modifications, which circumſtances render neceſſary:—

'1. That they take their poſitions in the rear of the Pruſſian troops, and abſtain, during the period of the intermediate negociation, from every movement and ſtep of a provoking nature towards Holland.

'2. That in caſe the Pruſſian troops ſhall be attacked by the French, his majeſty may rely with perfect confidence on the ſupport and co-operation of the troops of his Britannic majeſty, as long as they ſhall continue in the north of Germany. His majeſty has given orders for a reſpectable corps to advance into Weſtphalia, and will adopt every neceſſary meaſure for ſecurity and defence. The Ruſſian troops under the command of general count Tolſtoy, are already at the entire diſpoſal of his majeſty, as the emperor Alexander has fully authorized him to diſpoſe of them at pleaſure; and likewiſe of thoſe which are under general Benningſen, in Sileſia.

'I therefore requeſt your excellency to write as ſpeedily as poſſible to lord Cathcart, the commander in chief of the troops of his Britannic majeſty, and to prevail upon him to take, without delay, ſuch ſteps as are neceſſary for theſe purpoſes; and in particular to comply with the invitation that will be tranſmitted to him by order of the king, through count Kalkreuth, to conſult perſonally with him and count Tolſtoy on the poſitions which the troops of his Britannic majeſty, the Ruſſians, and Pruſſians, will have to take in conſequence of the above-mentioned arrangements.

'As the Swediſh troops are in the ſame predicament with the troops of his Britannic majeſty and the Ruſſians, it would be extremely deſirable to prevail upon his Swediſh majeſty to conform to this arrangement.

I hope, that to this end, your lordſhip will act in concert with the prince Dolgorucky, whom his imperial majeſty of all the Ruſſias has charged with every thing relative to the deſtination of the Ruſſian army. In caſe his Swediſh majeſty will reſign the conduct of his troops to count Tolſtoy, the king is ready to give them the ſame guarantee which he offers to the troops of his Britannic majeſty, during their continuance in the north of Germany.

'With regard to the proviſioning of the fortreſs of Hameln, it is conceived that the grant of a certain diſtrict, from which the garriſon themſelves might procure proviſions, would be attended with great inconveniencies, both in reſpect to the ſubjects of his Britannic majeſty, and on account of the colluſions which might thence enſue between the troops. It, therefore, appears preferable to furniſh neceſſaries from the Hanoverian territory, through an intermediate perſon, to whom general Barbou muſt ſend a ſtatement of what he wants for daily conſumption, and on whoſe requiſition the Hanoverian miniſtry will take care that it be delivered at the places appointed for that purpoſe. But general Barbou muſt, on his ſide, engage to remain quiet within the town of Hameln.

'Conformably to theſe ideas, the king has ſent M. Von Kruſemark, lieutenant-colonel of the *garde du corps*, and adjutant to field marſhal Von Molkendorf, to Hanover. I have given him, for my part, a letter to the miniſter of his Britannic majeſty at Hanover, and another for general Barbou, that the neceſſary arrangements for providing inſtantaneouſly for the ſubſiſtence of the garriſon of Hameln may be made, and put in execution without delay.

'I have now nothing left, my lord, but

but to refer to the verbal communication I had the honour to make to you, and to entreat you to take in general such steps as you shall think expedient for carrying into execution the whole arrangement which I have had the honour to submit to you. I request you to have the goodness to inform the commander in chief of the troops of his Britannic majesty, that it is only in case he shall think proper to accede to this arrangement, and to adopt such measures as depend upon him for carrying it into execution, his Prussian majesty can possibly engage to guarantee the security of the troops of his Britannic majesty. In case of an attack on the part of the French, it will, however, be necessary that the conduct of the whole should centre in one point, and it appears natural that the oldest in rank should then assume the chief command. It would consequently devolve upon general count Kalkreuth, both for the above reason, and likewise because he, being in the vicinity, of the enemy, would be best able to judge what measures to adopt.

'I repeat to your excellency the assurance of the highest consideration with which, I have the honour to be, my lord, your excellency's, &c.

(Signed) 'HARDENBERG.'

GERMANY.

The archduke Charles has been appointed to the dignity of generalissimo to the imperial armies. His imperial majesty has notified this appointment in the following letter:

'My dear brother,

'After the late unfortunate events, and the peace obtained by so many sacrifices, it is of the utmost necessity to place the military power of the monarchy in such a state as may be suitable to the population and the situation of the finances, and so well ordered and regulated as to render it a sure defence of my hereditary states. The first step towards obtaining this object, I take by placing your highness at the head of all my armies, in quality of generalissimo. The knowledge of the troops, should I be compelled to enter into another war, that will be under your orders, will remind those who have already served of the laurels they have formerly gathered on the field of battle, under your conduct, and inspire the rest with a high confidence in the talents, bravery, and prudence of their commander, which leads most certainly to victory.

'With the dignity of generalissimo I commit to you, my dear brother, the direction of all my armies in time of peace, in such a manner, that you shall be at the head of the council of war, and all the officers appertaining to it. You will receive to-day my intentions on this subject in detail, in a letter under my hand, which will define your powers, as also those of all employed under your orders. I expect from your comprehensive genius, and your indefatigable activity, a statement of the plans you propose to form, of bringing to perfection the great work I have confided to you; and I am persuaded, that the frequent journeys you will make, in order to see every thing with your own eyes, and the care you will take that your orders are punctually fulfilled, will perfectly fulfil my intentions, and render your work complete.'

The French armies, instead of withdrawing from Germany, are still quartered on the defenceless cities and states, on which they impose fines, loans, and contributions, at pleasure. The following proclamation is a specimen of many others, and it announces the seizure of a country which hitherto belonged to his Prussian majesty.

Proclamation from general Bernadotte to the inhabitants of the country of Anspach.

'In consequence of a treaty concluded between France and Prussia, his Prussian majesty has consented to cede Anspach to the king of Bavaria; and the occupation of this country, conformably to the said treaty, was to take place at the same moment that the troops of the king of Prussia were to take possession of Hanover. The Prussians having occupied the electorate, I have received orders to proceed to the occupation of Anspach. The

revenues and the resources of the country shall be put in sequestration for the maintenance of the troops which shall occupy it, during the time it shall be judged necessary.

'The army, the command of which is entrusted to me, will observe strict discipline; and I will punish with all the rigour of the laws every soldier who shall desert, or who shall disturb the tranquillity of the inhabitants.

'On my part, I have reason to hope that the people of Anspach will receive as they ought the troops under my orders.

'Anspach, Feb. 24.

'BERNADOTTE.'

ITALY.

The last month will be remembered in history for the ruin of the royal house of Naples, which has been forced by the tyrant of the continent to seek an asylum in Sicily, which we however hope will be successfully defended by the combined English, Russians, and Sicilians. The particulars of this new outrage on humanity are contained in the following account, in the Paris newspapers:

Paris, Feb. 26.

Last night, during the performance of *Athalia*, at the theatre Francois, the emperor received dispatches from Italy. At the conclusion of the act, one of the performers came forward, by order of his majesty, and announced to the audience, that the French army had entered Naples, and occupied all the forts of that city, as well as all the principal fortresses in the kingdom, and that the Neapolitan army were prisoners of war.

This communication was received with an enthusiasm impossible to describe. The presence of the emperor caused the shouts of applause to be incessant, so applicable to his majesty's reign was a passage which had just before been repeated—'*Eh, quel tems fut jamais plus fertile en miracles?*'—What age was ever more fertile in miracles?—The important news of the success of the imperial army was rapidly circulated, and to-day we have all the details. The French army had only to appear and begin the attack, when the whole country submitted to its new fate, which will cause it to pass under the dominion of one of the branches of the imperial family, who will succeed to the dynasty of the Two Sicilies. The following are the official particulars:

Prince Joseph Napoleon writes to his majesty, from the head quarters of Capua, the 14th of February, announcing that his orders have been fulfilled. He states, that he divided his army into three bodies, and marched with the centre division under the command of marshal Massena through San Germano and Capua, while the right, under gen. Regnier, went by Terracina and Gaeta; and the left, consisting of a corps of Italians under gen. Lecchi, proceeded by way of Itri.

General Partenneau has entered Naples; the forts were immediately occupied, and on the 13th the prince Joseph set off for the city. The Neapolitan officers having requested permission to serve, prince Joseph has formed some corps of Neapolitans, and has placed over them Neapolitan officers who were in the pay of the kingdom of Italy. He has appointed m. Pignatelli to be colonel of the first regiment of Neapolitan infantry.

Prince Joseph has been at Caserta. As soon as the people of Naples had recovered from their first terror, they expressed much attachment towards the French.

General Regnier on arriving at Gaeta, sent to the prince of Hesse, who commanded that place, the following summons:

'General,—Before I begin the operations which will put me in possession of the place which you command, I invite you to reflect on your situation, and on the impossibility of your preventing the surrender of Gaeta to my army. You have nothing of a garrison; little means of defence; and no hope of assistance; in a few days I shall reduce you to extremities, and you cannot be ignorant that the garrison and the inhabitants would then be the sufferers. You know that nothing

can oppose the victorious progress of the French armies; and that in a short time the kingdom will be conquered, and change its master. To-day, general, I will grant you a capitulation with all the honours of war; and I invite you to give your answer immediately to my aid-de-camp. In the evening I will not accept it; but will no longer retard the consequences of my operations.

'I have the honour, general, to salute you with the most distinguished consideration.

'REGNIER.'

Answer.

'General.—Having received repeated orders from the king to defend this place to the last extremity, and having been furnished with all the means of so doing, I can only obey my instructions. I therefore inform you, that I cannot accept the capitulation which you offer me, as I intend to fulfil the confidence which the king has placed in me. I have nevertheless, the honour to be, with every possible consideration, general,

Your most obedient and humble servant, The Prince of HESSE.'

In consequence of his answer, gen. Regnier ordered an attack to be made on the redoubt of St. André, mounted with six pieces of cannon, which was carried. Gen. Grigny had his head shot off by a cannon ball. He was a distinguished officer, and is much regretted by the army: he has left a son and a daughter, whom prince Joseph has recommended to the emperor as worthy of a pension.

On the 12th of February, the centre division invested Capua, which answered the summons by a discharge of its artillery. On the 13th in the morning, a deputation from the city of Naples waited on the prince, and signed the surrender of Gaeta, Capua, Pescara, Naples, and the other forts.

FRANCE.

On the 2d of March, Bonaparte made the following puffing speech to his dumb legislature. It records his views and his feelings on the late events.

'Gentlemen, the deputies from the departments to the legislative body; gentlemen, the tribunes, and the members of my council of state. Since your last session, the greatest part of Europe has entered into a coalition with England. My armies have never ceased to conquer, excepting when I ordered them to combat no longer. I have avenged the rights of the feeble states, oppressed by the strong. My allies have increased in power and in consequence. My enemies have been humbled and confounded: the house of Naples has irrecoverably lost its crown; the whole of the peninsula of Italy form a part of the great empire. I, as supreme head, have guaranteed the sovereign, and the constitutions that govern the different departments.

'Russia only owes the return of the wreck of her army to the advantages of the capitulation which I granted it. Able to have overturned the imperial throne of Austria, I have confirmed it. The conduct of the cabinet of Vienna will be such as *will prevent posterity from reproaching me for any want of foresight.* I have yielded an entire confidence to the protestations which have been made to me by its sovereign. Besides, the high destinies of my crown do not depend upon the sentiments and dispositions of foreign courts. My people will always support my throne against all the efforts of hatred or jealousy; no sacrifice will be painful to them to secure that first interest of the country.

'Bred in camps, and in camps that have always been triumphant, I ought to acknowledge that, in the late events, my soldiers have exceeded my expectations. It is pleasing also to me to declare, that my people have also fulfilled the extent of their duties. In the heart of Moravia, I never ceased for an instant to experience the effect of their love and enthusiasm. Never have they given me any marks of their attachment, which have penetrated my heart with sweeter emotions.

'Frenchmen! I have not been deceived in my hopes.—Your love, more than the extent and the riches of your territory,

tory, conſtitute my glory. Magiſtrates, clergy, citizens, all have ſhewn themſelves worthy of the high deſtinies of that admirable France, which, for two ages paſt, has been the object of the leagues and the jealouſies of its neighbours.

'My miniſters of the interior will inform you of the events which have taken place in the courſe of the year. My council of ſtate will lay before you plans of laws to ameliorate the different branches of the adminiſtration.

'My miniſters of finance, and of the public treaſury, will lay before you the accounts they have preſented to me. You will perceive by them the proſperous ſtate of our finances.—Since my return I have been inceſſantly occupied in giving to the adminiſtration that ſpring and activity which gave life to the extremities of the vaſt empire. My people will have no new burdens to bear, but new plans will be propoſed to you, reſpecting the ſyſtem of the finances, the baſis of which was eſtabliſhed laſt year. I intend to diminiſh the immediate impoſitions which bear upon the land alone, and to replace a part of theſe charges by direct duties.

'Through the elements we have loſt ſome ſhips, after an engagement imprudently commenced. I cannot too much praiſe the greatneſs of ſoul, and the attachment which the king of Spain has ſhewn in theſe circumſtances for the common cauſe. *I am deſirous of peace with England. On my part, I ſhall never retard that moment; I ſhall always be ready to conclude it in adopting for its baſis, the ſtipulations of the treaty of Amiens.*

'Gentlemen, deputies to the legiſlative body, the attachment you have ſhewn to me, the manner in which you have ſeconded me in the late ſittings, leave me no doubt of your aſſiſtance. Nothing ſhall be propoſed to you, but that which is neceſſary to guarantee the glory and ſafety of my people.'

WEST INDIES.

This quarter of the world has been diſtinguiſhed by *another* naval victory, the particulars of which are deſcribed in pages 188, 189.

AFRICA.

In the courſe of the laſt autumn, a reſpectable ſquadron commanded by ſir Home Popham, one of the ableſt and moſt active officers in the Britiſh ſervice, ſailed from Cork, having on board a body of land forces commanded by general Baird. Their deſtination was againſt the Cape of Good Hope, one of the moſt important commercial poſitions on the ſurface of the globe, of which, after a ſhort but ſharp conteſt, they obtained poſſeſſion. The particulars are contained in the following official diſpatch:

Cape Town, Jan 12, 1806.

My Lord,

I have the honour to announce to your lordſhip the capitulation of the town and garriſon of the Cape of Good Hope to his majeſty's arms.—In my diſpatches of the 24th November laſt, from St. Salvador, I had the honour to apprize your lordſhip of the meaſures adoped to refreſh the force under my command, and having with much difficulty procured 60 or 70 horſes for the cavalry, and the ſick being recruited, the expedition ſailed on the 26th of that month, and we had the good fortune to reach Table bay on the 4th inſt. It had been intended to diſembark the army immediately; and with a view of covering our deſign, before entering the bay, the 24th regiment, commanded by the hon. lieutenant colonel M'Donald, was detached, under charge of the Leda frigate, to make a demonſtration of landing in Campo bay; but the wind having failed, the fleet did not arrive at its anchorage until the day was too far advanced to attempt a landing.—On the morning of the 5th, the 1ſt brigade, under the orders of brigadier general Beresford, was embarked in boats, and proceeded towards the only acceſſible part of the ſhore, in a ſmall bay, ſixteen miles to the northward of Cape-town, where it appeared practicable to effect a diſembarkation; but the ſurf had increaſed ſo conſiderably, that, combined with the local difficulties of the

the spot, it was found necessary to abandon the attempt.—The rest of the day was devoted to a careful examination of the whole shore, from Lospard's bay to within gun-shot of the batteries at Cape-town, but which produced only the distressing conclusion that the chance of effecting a landing depended upon contingencies, very unlikely to be realised but in a perfect calm. In consequence of this inference, in order to obviate the disadvantages of delay in the adoption of a resolution which I apprehend would at last be necessarily imposed on me, I directed brigadier-general Beresford to proceed with the 38th regiment, and the 20th light dragoons, escorted by his majesty's ship Diomede, to Saldanha bay, where the disembarkation could be accomplished with facility, and a prospect was afforded us of procuring horses and cattle; and I proposed following with a main body of the army, in the event of the beach being impracticable, the ensuing morning. The surf along the shore of Lospard's bay having considerably abated the ensuing morning, I determined, with the concurrence of commodore sir Home Popham, to make an effort to get the troops on shore, and accordingly the highland brigade, composed of the 71st, 72d, and 93d regiments, effected that object, under the command of brigadier-general Ferguson. The shore had been previously very closely inspected by the brigadier, and, by his spirited exertions and example, our efforts were crowned with success; although a confined and intricate channel to the shore, which had been accurately pointed out by beacons laid down by the diligence and activity of the boats of his majesty's ship Diadem, and a tremendous surf, opposed the passage of the troops. The enemy had scattered a party of sharp-shooters over the contiguous heights, and commanded the landing, but the casualties of this service arose principally from natural difficulties, and it is with the deepest concern I have the honour to inform your lordship that we lost thirty-five rank and file of the 93d regiment by the over-setting of one of the boats, notwithstanding every possible effort to rescue those unfortunate men. The remainder of the troops could only be brought on shore on the succeeding day, when the extraordinary obstacles to all intercourse with the fleet, which nothing but the courage and perseverance of British seamen could surmount, barely enabled us to obtain the indispensable supplies of water and provisions for immediate subsistence.

On the morning of the 8th, the army, consisting of the 24th, 59th, 71st, 72d, 83d, and 93d regiments, about 4,000 strong, was formed into two brigades, with two howitzers, and six light field-pieces, moved off towards the road which leads to Cape-town; and, having ascended the summit of the Blaw-Berg, or Blue Mountains, and dislodged the enemy's light troops, I discovered their main body, drawn up in two lines, prepared to receive us, and even in motion to anticipate our approach. The enemy's force apparently consisted of about 5,000 men, the greater proportion of which was cavalry, and 23 pieces of cannon, yoked to horses, the disposition of which, the nature of the ground occupied by the enemy's troops, made it evident that they intended to refuse their right wing, and with their left attempt to turn our right flank; but, to frustrate their designs, I formed the army into two columns, the second brigade under brigadier-general Ferguson keeping the road, whilst the first struck to the right, and took the defile of the mountains. Having accomplished my purpose, our line was formed with equal celerity and order: and the left wing, composed of the highland brigade, was thrown forward, and advanced with the steadiest step, under a very heavy fire of round shot, grape, and musketry. Nothing could surpass or resist the determined bravery of the troops, headed by their gallant leader, brigadier-general Ferguson, and the number of the enemy, who swarmed the plain, served only to augment their ardour, and confirm their discipline.—The enemy received our fire, and maintained his position obstinately; but in the

the moment of charging, the valour of the Britiſh troops bore down all oppoſition, and forced him to a precipitate retreat. The firſt brigade, compoſed of the 24th, 59th, and 83d regiments, and commanded, in the abſence of brigadier-general Beresford, by lieutenant-colonel Baird, was unavoidably precluded, by their ſituation, from any conſiderable participation in the triumph of the Britiſh arms, though the flank companies of the 24th had an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing themſelves, in diſlodging a number of horſe and riflemen from the heights on our right flank. This brilliant achievement, however, was clouded by the loſs of captain Forſter, of the grenadiers, whoſe gallantry is beſt recorded in the boſoms of his brother ſoldiers, and the univerſal regret of the army. It is utterly impoſſible to convey to your lordſhip an adequate idea of the obſtacles which oppoſed the advance, and retarded the ſucceſs of our army; but it is my duty to inform your lordſhip, that the nature of the country—a deep, heavy, and arid land, covered with ſhrubs, ſcarcely pervious to light bodies of infantry; and, above all, the total privation of water, under the effects of a burning ſun, had nearly exhauſted our gallant fellows, in the moment of victory, and with the utmoſt difficulty were we able to reach the Reit Valley, where we took our poſition for the night. A conſiderable portion of the proviſions and neceſſaries with which we ſtarted, had been loſt during the action, and we occupied our ground under an apprehenſion that even the great exertions of Sir Home Popham and the navy could not relieve us from ſtarvation. On every occaſion, where it has been found neceſſary to call for the co-operation of Britiſh ſeamen in land enterprizes, their valour has been ſo conſpicuous, and their ſpirit of labour and preſervance ſo unconquerable, that no tribute of my applauſe can add a luſtre to their character; but I diſcharge a moſt agreeable portion of my duty, in aſſuring your lordſhip, that on the recent employment of their ſervices they have maintained their reputation: and in this place it behoves me to inform your lordſhip, that the uniform good conduct of thoſe gallant fellows, and zeal of captain G. Byng, who commanded them, together with that of every ſubordinate officer, have merited my fulleſt approbation. The loſs of the enemy in this engagement is reputed to exceed 700 men in killed and wounded; and it is with the moſt ſenſible gratification that I contraſt it with the incloſed return of our caſualties. Your lordſhip will perceive the name of lieutenant-colonel Grant among the wounded, but the heroic ſpirit of this officer was not ſubdued by his misfortune, and he continued to lead his men to glory, as long as an enemy was oppoſed to his majeſty's 72d regiment. I have the cordial ſatisfaction to add, that his wound, though very ſevere, is not pronounced dangerous; and I indulge the hope and expectation of his early recovery, and reſumption of command.

On the morning of the 9th, recruited by ſuch ſupplies as the unwearied diligence and efforts of the navy could throw on ſhore, the 59th regiment, however, being almoſt completely deſtitute of food, we proſecuted our march towards Cape-town, and took up a poſition ſouth of Salt River, which we truſted might preſerve a free communication with the ſquadron; for our battering train, as well as every other neceſſary, except water, was to paſs to us from his majeſty's ſhips. In this ſituation a flag of truce was ſent to me by the commandant of the garriſon of Cape-town (the governor-general, Janſens, having retired after the action of the 8th into the country, moving by Hottentots Holland Kloof), requeſting a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities for 48 hours, in order to negociate a capitulation.—In anſwer to this overture, I diſpatched brigadier-general Ferguſon, accompanied by lieutenant-colonel Brownrigg, to ſtipulate as the condition of my acquieſcence, the ſurrender of the outworks of the town within ſix hours, allowing 36 hours for arranging the articles of capitulation.

My propoſition being aſſented to, the 59th regiment marched into Fort

Knokke;

Knokke; and the next day in conjunction with sir Home Popham, the terms were agreed upon, and his majesty's forces were put in possession of the several defences of the town.

Of the modified capitulation, as ratified by us, I have the honour to enclose a copy.

The cordial, able, and zealous co-operation of commodore sir Home Popham, emulated by all the officers under his command, merits my warmest acknowledgments and commendation; and I have the satisfaction to add, that no united service was ever performed with more true harmony than has uniformly been manifested by both branches of his majesty's forces. Such of his majesty's ships as could be spared from the service of Losparď's bay, constantly coasted the enemy's shore, throwing shot among his troops and people, and contributing to keep him ignorant of the actual place of our disembarkation; and a very spirited effort was made by the marines of the fleet, and a party of seamen from the Diadem, under the commodore's immediate command, to occupy a position in Reit Valley, and co-operate with the army. The marines and the company's recruits, as well as their cadets, headed by lieutenant-colonel Willett, of the Bengal establishment, have been usefully employed in different branches of the service; but I have to regret the deprivation of the services of the 20th dragoons, and 38th regiment, under a conviction that they could not have failed to discharge their duty in the same exemplary manner as the rest of his majesty's troops engaged in the action. Public as well as personal considerations induce me to lament the absence of brigadier-general Beresford, from whose talents and experience I should have derived the most essential assistance in our disputed and difficult progress from Losparď's bay. The duties of the quarter-master general's department were very ably and judiciously discharged by lieutenant-colonel Brownrigg; and although the army had the greatest cause to lament the absence, from severe illness, of major Tucker, deputy adjutant-general, and the zeal and activity manifested by major Trotter of the 83d regiment, and the assistant adjutant-general captain Munro, happily precluded all deficiency in that department. The absence of captain Smyth, of the royal engineers, with the Saldanha detachment, was also a matter of great regret to me, for his knowledge of the country would have relieved me from much embarrassment. To the several officers commanding corps I am under considerable obligations for their gallant, spirited, zealous, and judicious conduct and example, in leading their men up to the enemy. British troops, headed by such men, must ever, under Providence, command success; and every man in this army has, I trust it will be considered, preserved the character of the British soldier and faithfully discharged his duty to his king and country.

This dispatch will be delivered to your lordship by lieutenant-colonel Baird, and to whom I beg leave to refer for any additional information your lordship may wish to obtain, respecting our proceedings: and I beg leave to recommend this zealous and meritorious officer to your lordship's protection. I take the liberty of mentioning to your lordship, that not having been joined by the Narcissus frigate, prior to our disembarkation, and subsequent operations in the field, I was unfortunately deprived of the services of captain Sorell, assistant adjutant-general, who was charged with my dispatches from Madeira to governor Patton, and with the execution of my wishes to procure intelligence relative to the strength and condition of this colony; and from whose extensive local knowledge and professional talents, I expected to derive great assistance. Herewith I have the honour to inclose, for your lordship's information, a return of the ordnance found in the citadel and other defences of this settlement, but it is perhaps inaccurate, for the reasons assigned by the commanding officer of artillery.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. BAIRD,

major-general, com. in chief.

To viscount Castlereagh, &c. &c.

Return of the killed, wounded, and miſſing, on the 6th and 8th January.

One captain, 14 rank and file killed; 3 field officers, 1 captain, 5 ſubalterns, 7 ſerjeants, 3 drummers, 170 rank and file wounded; 8 rank and file miſſing; 1 drummer, and 35 rank and file of the 93d regiment drowned in landing.

Officer killed—24th regiment, captain A. Forſter.

Officers wounded—brevet major Weir, brigade major, ſlightly; 71ſt, lieut. col. Pack, ſlightly; 59th, Alex. M'Pherſon, badly; 71ſt. brevet lieut. col. Campbell; 72d, lieut. col. Grant, and lieut. Chiſholm; 93d, brevet lieut. col. Honeyman; 78th, lieutenants Scobie and Strachan; 86th, enſigns Heddrick and Craigh.

[*Here follows the terms of capitulation, and the return of the ordnance, &c.*]

GREAT BRITAIN.

At home nothing has occurred worthy of particular notice.

The duke of Bedford has taken poſſeſſion of his government in Ireland, and the moderation of his principles and character affords a well grounded hope that he will appeaſe many of the diſcontents which have long diſtracted that country.

The gallant earl St. Vincent has taken the command of the channel fleet, which ſtill cloſely blockades the port of Breſt, while lord Collingwood with a reſpectable ſquadron block up the miſerable remains of the navies of France and Spain in the port of Cadiz.

The Dutch ports are cloſely watched by admiral Ruſſel; and our light ſquadrons in the Downs and at Dungeneſs, render it *impoſſible* for the wretched flotilla of the enemy to come out of Boulogne, without meeting with inevitable deſtruction.

In a word every port of the enemy from the Texel to Cadiz, and from Cadiz to Venice, is cloſely blocked up by ſquadrons of England; which, at this time ride triumphant in the four quarters of the world.

The funds have continued gradually to riſe; and a loan of twenty two millions has been advantageouſly negociated. Public confidence is at its height, and if the new adminiſtration do not wholly diſappoint the expectations of the public, and will only correct but a tythe of the abuſes practiſed by their predeceſſors, the ſun of Britiſh glory may yet ſhine with undiminiſhed luſtre for ages to come.

LONDON, *March* 25, 1806.

The Iriſh whig club is immediately to be revived in Dublin, on its ancient conſtitutional principles.

At the general meeting of the committee of the patriotic fund, held on Tueſday the following reſolutions were agreed to;—

That a vaſe of the value of four hundred pounds, ornamented with emblematic devices, and an appropriate inſcription, be preſented to vice admiral ſir John T. Duckworth, K. B.

That a vaſe, of the value of three hundred pounds, with an appropriate inſcription, be preſented to rear-admiral the hon. Alexander Cochrane.

That a vaſe of the value of three hundred pounds, with an appropriate inſcription, be preſented to rear admiral Thomas Louis.

That a ſword of the value of one hundred pounds, or a vaſe of the ſame value (at their option), be preſented to each of the captains and commanders of his majeſty's ſhips, who contributed to that brilliant and deciſive victory.

That the ſum of one hundred pounds be preſented to each of the lieutenants of his majeſty's navy, captains of royal marines, and other officers, in the ſecond claſs of his majeſty's proclamation for the diſtribution of prize money, who was ſeverely wounded; and the ſum of fifty pounds to each officer of the ſame rank, ſlightly wounded.

That the ſum of fifty pounds be preſented to each of the officers in the third claſs, who was ſeverely wounded; and the ſum of thirty pounds to each officer of the ſame rank, who was ſlightly wounded.

That the ſum of forty pounds be preſented to each of the officers in the fourth claſs, who was ſeverely wounded; and the ſum of 25l. to each officer of the ſame rank, who was ſlightly wounded.

That

That the sum of 40l. be presented to every seaman or marine, whose wounds may be attended with disability or loss of limb; the sum of 20l. to each seaman or marine severely wounded; and the sum of 10l. to each seaman or marine slightly wounded.

That relief be afforded to the widows, orphans, parents, and relatives, depending for support on the officers, petty officers, seamen and marines, who fell in the engagement, as soon as their respective situations shall me made known to the committee.

It is calculaed that 150 new faces will appear in the next parliament.

FATAL DUEL.—On Saturday morning a duel was fought on Galleywood-common, near Chelmsford, between lieutenant Torrens and mr. Fisher, surgeon, both of the 6th regiment, in barracks there. The parties, with their seconds, arrived on the spot appointed for the encounter at day-break; when the preliminaries having been settled, they took a short distance, and, turning round, fired at the same instant. The lieutenant received his antagonist's ball in the groin, and immediately fell; on which mr. Fisher went up and took him by the hand, expressing much regret at the lamentable consequence that had ensued, as, from the nature of the wound, he was apprehensive that it would prove mortal. Assistance having been procured, the wounded gentleman was removed to a wind-mill at a short distance, and as soon as possible conveyed thence to his apartments in the barracks, where every attention was rendered that his unfortunate situation could require. The ball, having lodged on the side opposite to which it entered, was extracted by dr. Welch at four o'clock the same afternoon, but he expired between nine and ten o'clock on Sunday morning. An inquisition was taken before J. O. Parker, jun. esq. coroner, on view of the body, yesterday, and a verdict returned of wilful murder against mr. Fisher and the two seconds, one of whom is under arrest; mr. Fisher and the other have absconded.

23.] Accounts have been received by adm. lord Collingwood, of the arrival at Palermo of their majesties the king and queen of Naples, with the royal family, with an immense quantity of property, specie, plate, diamonds, &c. in his majesty's ship Excellent 74, and Intrepid 64; their majesties arrived at Palermo in perfect health. About twenty empty transports were taken and destroyed in the bay of Naples, but no troops were on board at the time, nor any property of value. The king and queen of Naples were pleased to express their high sense of the gallantry, politeness and attention they received at their embarkation and during their voyage to Palermo, to the respective captains and officers of the Excellent and Intrepid.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Sunday morning, at half past three o'clock, and not on Saturday morning as prematurely and indecently asserted in some of the London evening papers of that day, died at Devonshire house, Picadilly, in the 49th year of her age, Georgiana duchess of Devonshire.

On Sunday, the 9th, her grace in company with the duke, dined with the marquis of Stafford, and at nine o'clock she returned extremely ill, and from that hour her fever increased. Her grace was daughter to the late earl Spencer, and sister to the present countess of Besborough. She was born on the 7th June, 1757, and was married to the present duke June 5th, 1774.

During her alarming illness, she was constantly attended by her mother, the dowager, countess Spencer, the countess of Besborough, lady G. H. Cavendish, and lady Morpeth, who resided in the house during her illness.

The duke has not been undressed for six nights, being so anxious for intelligence of the duchess's health, which was communicated to him every hour. For the whole of Saturday the inquiries and carriages at Devonshire-house appeared like a public levee. At twelve o'clock on saturday night, the faculty gave up all hopes of her recovery, when the duke was sent for, and, we

with pain relate, took his last farewell of her grace. Lady Melbourne, her constant and dear friend, remained with her till twelve o'clock.

At half past two death appeared, and she became insensible, her mother sat at her bed head, where she remained till half past three o'clock, when she expired in the presence of the majority of her family.

His royal highness the prince of Wales sent at one o'clock on Sunday morning, when the physicians returned for answer that there were no hopes.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday, the unwelcome tidings being communicated to his royal highness, he ordered sir W. Farquahar's attendance to mention to him the particulars: after which he immediately set off to Brighton.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

STAR-OFFICE, 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

We stop the press to state the pleasing intelligence of the surrender by capitulation, of gen. Jansen, and the force under his command, to the British arms. The following official notice of this important event was this afternoon sent to the lord mayor.

DOWNING-STREET, APRIL 5, 1806.

"My lord,

"I have the satisfaction to acquaint "you that dispatches have been received "from lieutenant general Baird, dated "from the cape of Good Hope, January, 26, 1806, stating that general "Jansen with the forces under his "command, surrendered by capitu-"lation on the 10th of that month.

"I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

"W. WINDHAM.

"To the lord mayor."

Execution of Patch.

THURSDAY, APRIL, 3.

The sentence of the law upon the murderer has been carried into effect. Every effort was made yesterday to induce Patch to confess his guilt: it was rumoured in the morning that those efforts have not been ineffectual, but the rumour was premature.

Mr. Ives, the keeper of the prison, went yesterday morning, as is usual in such cases, to the secretary of state's office, to exhibit the judge's order for the execution and the respite till this morning.

The relations of Patch had a final interview with him yesterday afternoon in the presence of mr. Ives and his deputy. They consisted of his brother and sister, his brother-in-law capt. Toby and mrs. Toby, and his niece.

Patch's brother and sister appeared exceedingly affected by the dreadful situation of the prisoner. They remained with him nearly ten minutes. Patch bore it firmly: but, when he kissed his brother and sister, as the last tokens of sad remembrance, he appeared to suffer much.

The next who were introduced to the prisoner were his brother-in-law and his wife, captain and mrs. Toby. They were both extremely affected, wept bitterly, and captain Toby was loud and bitter in his grief. He said he had witnessed men perishing around him at sea, had suffered shipwreck, but that he never experienced any incident equal to the present. Patch cried and sobbed in great agony, and embraced his sister-in-law, who was the sister of his late wife, with uncommon tenderness.

He then clasped his arms around his brother, and remained so for some time. It was about four o'clock that Patch's relations were admitted to take leave of him, and the interview with them occupied nearly an hour: the parting scene, as mr. Ives said, was one of the most impressive and affecting he had ever witnessed. About five o'clock, Herring the coiner, who was to be hanged with him, was brought into Patch's cell, a dissenting minister attending him; a dissenting minister also attended Patch, and they continued engaged in prayer in their cell, which was the same that was occupied by the conspirators who were executed with Despard. —The dissenting ministers remained with the prisoners the whole of the night.—Patch was a methodist, so were the dissenting ministers.

Patch who had preserved his usual firmness till the interview with his relations, lost it all then, and cried bitterly

terly for some time. Besides the relations and the ministers, no one was admitted to him but the high sheriff, sir John Cox Hippesley, who endeavoured to induce him to confess, but without effect. When he was asked by sir John, he evaded any direct reply, and preserved silence as much as he could. About three o'clock this morning (he had been occupied in prayer till that time) he and Herring laid down for about ten minutes, two keepers remaining with them in the cell. When Patch arose, (he had not slept at all,) he made use of this expression, "Is there no mercy for the innocent?" —He then sunk upon his knees, and resumed his prayers with Herring, whose wife, who was to be executed with them, remained all the time in the cell which Despard had occupied. Patch and Herring continued at prayers till seven this morning when the high sheriff arrived. Intimation was given by mr. Ives to Patch, to prepare himself for going to chapel—he begged to have some wine and water, which was accordingly brought him, with some cake. At a quarter past seven, he went into the chapel with the dissenting ministers who had been with him and Herring all night—he walked with a firm step, and with his usual composure. In the chapel the rev. mr. Mann, the chaplain, read the service. The high-sheriff, with mr. Ives, were present; but no other persons except the dissenting ministers and the turnkeys. Prayers were over about half past eight, when Herring was brought out and his irons knocked off at the door of the chapel—then the wife of Herring, whose arms were, as is usual in such cases, bound with the rope with which she was to be executed—then Patch came out, and his irons were knocked off. He still appeared composed. As soon as his irons were knocked off, he clasped his hands, cast his eyes upwards, and seemed rather convulsed, but still more anxious to suppress than to give vent to his feelings.—The high sheriff then spoke to him, but he turned away his head as if he wished to avoid him, and walked into the chapel again. As soon as he got into the chapel, he turned round as if to look for mr. Ives. Mr. Ives immediately went in after him.—Patch then addressed himself to him, thanked him in the warmest terms for the unvarying humanity and kindness (qualities which mr. Ives is known to possess in the most eminent degree) he had received from him, wished him all prosperity, and placed his hands with much warmth upon those of mr. Ives. The conversation occupied about seven minutes.—Mr. Ives pressed him to make use of this the last opportunity to confess—but Patch would confess nothing.—He then followed Herring and his wife.—When they came to the end of the long avenue facing the chapel at the gate, the high-sheriff again addressed him—when he said, "I have confessed my sins to God, man can afford me no relief."

They then passed under the gateway to the outer court yard, where the hurdle to receive Herring and his wife, who had been convicted of high treason, coining, was placed close to mr. Ives's house. Herring got in without assistance—his wife was lifted into it. Whilst they were getting in, Patch remained at the bottom of the steps—the hurdle was then drawn by one horse to the lodge gate, Patch followed it, walking between the high-sheriff and mr. Ives. They then moved in procession up the stone stair-case to the platform over the lodge, where the drop had been erected. Herring ascended the scaffold first, his wife next, Patch last. The rev. mr. Mann prayed for some time with them, and frequently addressed himself to Patch, who would return no other answer, than that he had confessed his sins to God. Sir J. Cox Hippesley then ascended the scaffold, and spoke to him again—he turned his head on one side, the sheriff still addressing him, and, looking at the executioner, seemed to recline back, as if a sudden faintness had come over him.—The executioner began to prepare to do his duty, when mr. Ives again went to Patch, and asked him if he felt himself faint—he said no, but

that

that he had fallen back to avoid being farther pressed by questions. The rope was then fixed on him and the other two, and the executioner was preparing to pull the cap over his face, when he made a sign to speak to mr. Ives again. Mr. Ives immediately went up to him.—And now, we believe, the so much desired confession was at length made.—Mr. Ives was, as may be expected, immediately pressed with much anxiety by every one present to tell whether he had confessed. Mr. Ives replied, "that he did not feel himself at liberty to disclose publicly what he had heard, until he had consulted other persons.—But that Patch was the man."

As soon as Patch had done speaking to mr. Ives, the executioner pulled the cap over his face first, and then did the same to the two others. The signal was instantly given and the platform dropped. Patch seemed to be in the convulsions of death nearly two minutes. A cry of indignation burst from the crowd round the prison as soon as the platform fell.—"There goes the murderer," was loudly shouted.

The body will be opened before it is removed for dissection, according to his sentence. The countenance of Patch preserved to the last its usual floridness—he never once turned pale: but after the cap was drawn over his face, he seemed much agitated, particularly after he had spoken to mr. Ives.—He was dressed in mourning.

The concourse of people that assembled round the prison to see the execution was immense, and was supposed to have been as great or greater than the concourse which assembled to witness the execution of Despard.

Patch has left no written account of himself behind him, though he was employed in writing nearly the whole of yesterday morning.

DUBLIN, *March* 27, 1806.

THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.

The arrival of our new lord chancellor, the right hon. George Ponsonby, on Tuesday last, gratified his friends—his countrymen. An immense concourse attended to welcome the landing, and in consequence the passage to the Pidgeon-house was literally thronged.

Mr. Ponsonby, with modesty, the concomitant of high desert, declined all the usual landing-places, and proceeding, by water, to the quarter of the city nearest to his house, he disappointed the many who were anxious to indulge in their heartfelt respect and attachment for their well-known friend, their well-proved patriot.

We admire the perceptible delicacy of mr. Ponsonby, but he cannot prevent the expression of public opinion—even in the private streets which he courted, his horses were taken from his carriage, and his conveyance to his house was by the arms of men, in whose hearts he lives.

Saturday last, the royal assent was given to a number of bills, among which are the following, respecting this country:

An act to continue several acts for granting certain rates and duties, allowing certain drawbacks and bounties, on goods, wares and merchandize imported into and exported from Ireland; and for granting a duty upon malt and spirits made and distilled in Ireland, until the 29th day of September, 1806; and for granting certain inland duties of excise, and taxes in Ireland, until the 25th day of March, 1807.

An act to continue until the 25th day of March, 1807, and to amend several acts for regulating the drawbacks and bounties on the exportation of sugar for Ireland.

An act to idemnify such persons in the united kingdom as have omitted to qualify themselves for offices and employments, and for extending the times limited for those purposes, respectively, until the 25th day of December, 1806; and to permit such persons in Great Britain, as have omitted to make and file affidavits of the execution of indentures of clerks to attornies and solicitors, to make and file the same on or before the first day of Michaelmas term, 1806.

An

An act to permit, until the 25th day of March, 1809, the exportation to the united kingdom, of wool from the British plantations in America.

An act for defraying, until the 25th day of March, 1807, the charge of the pay and cloathing of the militia of Ireland, for holding courts martial on serjeant majors, serjeants, corporals, and drummers, for offences committed during the time such militia shall not be embodied, and for making allowances in certain cases, to subaltern officers of the said militia, during peace.

The king has been pleased to grant the dignity of a baron of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the right hon. William Brabazon Ponsonby, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of baron Ponsonby, of Imokilly, in the county of Cork.—*Lond. Gaz.*

FROM THE DUBLIN GAZETTE.

Dublin-castle, March, 28, 1806.

The duke of Bedford, who embarked at Holyhead on Tuesday night the 25th inst. on board his majesty's yacht the Dorset, arrived in this harbour early this morning.

His grace, on his arrival in Dublin, was received by the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and commons of the city of Dublin. His grace, attended by a squadron of dragoons, proceeded to the castle, and the council having assembled at three o'clock, his grace was introduced in form to his excellency the earl of Hardwicke, who received him sitting under the canopy of state, in the presence chamber, from whence a procession was made in the usual state to the council chamber. The council sitting, his grace's commission was read, and the oath being administered to him, his grace was invested with the collar of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick, and received the sword of state from the earl of Hardwicke.—His grace afterwards repaired to the presence chamber, and received the compliments of the nobility and other persons of distinction, upon his safe arrival, and taking upon him the government of Ireland.

The first notification the citizens of Dublin had of the arrival of the duke of Bedford was from the noise and bustle of the military. Martial music was heard in all directions: a line was formed from the castle to Merrion-square through Dame-street, College-green, Grafton-street, into Nassau-street, Leinster-street, and Clare-street; the 30th regiment took the right, the second battalion of the 28th the left, and the centre of the infantry comprised the 48th foot, the Donegall militia and another regiment. Where the 28th regiment terminated, two squadrons of the green-horse, attended by their excellent band, formed a line along the north and east side of Merrion-square, into Fitzwilliam-street.

From the Pigeon-house to Macartney's-bridge there were repeated communications by express, relating to the proposed rout and order of the procession.—Ringsend-bridge, that shameful thoroughfare, not being considered sufficiently safe for a number of horsemen and carriages to pass over, the cavalcade proceeded from the Pigeon-house through Ringsend, Irishtown, and Sandymount, from whence it turned off to Black Rock-road.

At half past eight o'clock, the shouts of the people on the road, announced to the eager crowds in Baggot-street, the near approach of his excellency.

The procession moved at rather a quick pace into town in the following order.

A lieutenant's command of horse.
Gentlemen on horseback.
General officers.
Their aid-de-camps.
Servants of the late and present viceroys.
A coach and four, with five gentlemen of lord Hardwicke's household.
A coach and six, belonging to lord Hardwicke.
A serjeant's guard of cavalry.
Aid-de-camps.
A coach and eight, which carried the duke and duchess of Bedford.
Aid-de-camps.
A number of gentlemen on horseback.

A squadron

A squadron of cavalry closed the procession.

The acclamations of the people were unbounded. At Macartney bridge they endeavoured to take the horses from the new viceroy's carriage, but their views were frustated by the activity of the postilions, and the procession from that moment proceeded with vast rapidity to the castle, through the line formed by the military, of which we have given a description.

NAVAL FORCE OF EUROPE.

From Steele's List of the Royal Navy, corrected to March, 1806.

The following statement of the naval force of Europe, subsequent to the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, as we believe it to be very nearly corrected, may, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers:

	Line including Fifties.	*Frigates.*
Great Britain -	243 -	219
Russia - -	60 -	100
Spain - -	57 -	44
Sweden - -	26 -	13
Denmark - -	23 -	23
Turkey - -	20 -	4
France - -	19 -	43
Batavian republic	16 -	15
Portugal - -	10 -	5
Naples and Sicily -	6 -	9
Etruria - -	2 -	4
Ragusa - -	0 -	12
Ecclesiastical State	0 -	5
	482	496
Deduct British	243	219
Total number of foreign	239	277

Deduct five sail of the line, taken by admiral Duckworth—the French navy, at present, consists of but fourteen sail of the line.

From the 23d of July, 1805, on which day sir Robert Calder took two sail of the line, to the 6th of February, 1806, a space of about 28 weeks, we have taken or destroyed 30 line of battle ships of the enemy, viz.

Sir Robert Calder -	2
Lord Nelson -	19
Sir Richard Strachan -	4
Sir J. Duckworth -	5
	—30

That is to say, upwards of a line of battle ships a week.—Now let us compute these ships at 80 guns each (which is not an unfair calculation, considering that there were several 90 gun ships, some of 100 guns, and the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns), and our victories will produce us about 85 guns per week; that is about 12 guns per day, or one gun every two hours during the above space; and let us man the ships all round with 800 men each (for the enemy employ a greater complement than we do), that is 24,000, and we may modestly assert that we have *unmann'd* them at the rate of 850 men a week (rather more, or above 100 men per day). The capture of frigates, corvettes, &c. is omitted, as beneath calculation.

Taken up out of the Canal Docks, at Ringsend, drowned, on the 3d inst. a young woman dressed as a sailor, in a jacket, with two pair of trowsers on, and two very fine linen shirts, black silk waistcoat, black worsted stockings and black silk neck-handkerchief.—She appeared about 24 years of age, with long fair hair, supposed to have remained in the water about three days. Mr. Hill, of Townshend-street, with great humanity, had her interred in Irishtown church.

Ap. 11.] The Earl of Hardwicke, who sailed on Monday, was safely landed at Holyhead, under a royal salute of 21 guns, after a passage of 26 hours.

The yeomanry of Ireland are not to be included in the provisions of mr. Windham's bill.

The marquis of Drogheda has been removed from the office of postmaster general, and is to be succeeded by lord Donoughmore and lord Henry Fitzgerald.—Dub. Jour.

A large division of the German Legion have arrived in this city, and appear to be very fine men.

14.] Friday, his grace the duke of Bedford, attended by the commander in chief, and a number of staff officers, reviewed

reviewed that part of the German Legion lately arrived in this city.

Their graces the duke and duchess of Bedford were received at the Theatre-Royal on Saturday evening in the most flattering manner

Sunday being Easter-day, the royal standard was displayed from the top of Bedford Tower at Dublin Castle—a building which takes its name from having been erected in the administration of the king's government by our present illustrious governor's grandfather in this kingdom.

His grace the lord lieutenant went in state to St. Werburgh's church, where he attended divine service, and afterwards qualified, according to the usual custom after the viceroy's arrival. His grace's carriage was proceeded by two others, containing the pages and others of his grace's suite, attended by a squadron of the 5th dragoon guards; the servants to all the carriages were dressed in their state liveries, which are uncommonly rich and splendid, and had a very grand effect.

An advertisement in an English provincial print begins thus:—"To be let for ever, or longer if required."

The corporation of shoe-makers have agreed to resolutions expressive of their satisfaction at the change of ministers, in which they take occasion to deprecate the measure of union.

The troops composing the garrison of this city, and the yeomanry corps of the city and county of Dublin will shortly be reviewed by his grace the duke of Bedford.

The duke of Bedford will visit the seats of his friends near town, early in the ensuing month—of course Tinnehinch and Bishop's-court will be amongst the number.

The cargo of the great tea ship, the Concordia, valued at 40,000l. detained and sent into Plymouth, some time since, as being enemy's property, has been regularly condemned to the lucky captors, the Lord Nelson, of 14 guns, captain Crowte, a privateer of Plymouth, which, with the wool-ship, worth 30,000l. condemned some time since, makes 70,000l. of concealed enemy's property, adjudged in the high court of admiralty of England, as a legal prize to the Lord Nelson, and her fortunate owners. Some papers, which led to the condemnation of the Concordia's cargo, were luckily found on board another neutral, detained and brought in by the Lord Nelson for examination, some days after the detention of the Concordia.

The earl of Granard has been appointed clerk of the crown and hanaper in the room of lord Limerick; and mr. Bourchier, is removed from the situation of deputy to make room for mr. Moore, the translator of Anacreon.

MARRIAGES.

By special licence, by the lord bishop of Kildare, Dugald Campbell, esq. private secretary to his excellency the earl of Hardwicke, to miss Kingsley.—By special licence, Wm. Sanders, esq. eldest son of Christ. Sanders, esq. of Sanders Park, near Charleville, county Cork, to miss Andrews, daughter of ald. Andrews, of Merrion-square.—Mr. I. Lyle, of Sallypark, to miss Lyle, daughter of R. Lyle, of Lylemount, county Derry—At Magherea, mr. R. Elliott, of Belfast, merchant, to miss M'Dowal, of Maghera. On Monday 17th ult. at Bridge-Hall, co. Tyrone, the rev. Isaac Allen, A. M. to miss Bridge, daughter of the late rev. J. Bridge—at Clifton church, rear admiral Sotheby, to lady Mary Ann Bourke, daughter of the late earl of Mayo—In Clonmel, lieut. C. White, of the 66th regt. to miss E. Lee, youngest daughter of the late Arthur Lee, esq.—mr. J. Davern, to miss M. Cahill, both of the city of Cashel—in London, R. Talbot, Esq. of Malahide Castle, co. Dublin, to miss M. Sayers, of said county.—Thomas Fisson, of Kircubbin, surveyor of weights, measures, &c. to miss Eliza Shanks, of same place.—Patrick Connor, esq. of Inch, near Balbriggan, to miss Byrne, of said place—By special licence, by the rev. dr. Guinness, Wm. Lunell Guinness, of this city, esq. to miss Susannah Newton, only daughter of Isaac Newton late of this city, esq deceased—John

Pain,

Pain, esq. Tinehely, county Wicklow, to miss Francis, of Clare-street, eldest daughter to the late rev. Samuel Francis, co. Wexford—John Gordon, esq. of Sligo, merchant, to miss Egan, of Paddock, in the King's county—Adam Bloomfield Feltus, of Holybrook, in the county Carlow, esq. to miss Ball, only daughter of Ben. Ball, esq. sen. sheriff's peer of this city—John Kirwan, eldest son of John Kirwan, of Castle-hacket, in the county of Galway, esq. to miss Burke, daughter of J. H. Burke, esq. of Paclenanen, said county. —James Ramsey, esq. to miss Ann Lairrd, both of Belfast—Mr. Wm. North, of Clonfad, county Westmeath esq. to the emiable miss Maria Homan, daughter of mr. Richard Homan—At Clifton by the rev. Henry Leslie, the rev. Stephen Dickenson, to miss Leslie. —Wm Smyth, of Drumcree, county Westmeath, esq. to mrs. Graydon, relict of the late rev. G. Graydon—

DEATHS.

IN Anne-street, Stephen's-green, the wife of mr. R. Law, printer, very much regretted—In N. King-street, mr. Ivory Macullogh, measurer—A few days ago, at Northwood, in the parish of Prees, in Salop, mr. John Benbow, clock and watch maker, at the advanced age of 107—At Cullen, near Slane, county of Meath, on Thursday last, mrs. M. Aickin, wife of mr. Thomas Aickin, aged 65 years—In Clarendon-street, at an advanced age, mrs. E. Adcocke—In Great Britain-street, sincerely regretted, mrs. M. Dwyer, wife, of mr. T. Dwyer, academician—In Belfast, mr. Isaac Warren, bookseller.—At Portglenone, in the 77th year of his age. John M'Neill, sen. esq.—At her seat at New Windsor, near Belfast, mrs. Elinor Stewart, aged 80 years—At Loughbrickland, suddenly, mr. James Short, aged 20, third son of mr. Charles Short, of Skinrom, King's County —At Glasgow, in the 67th year of his age, David Dale, esq. formerly proprietor of the Lanark Cotton Mills, and one of the magistrates of Glasgow.—In Cole's-lane, mr. Peter Ward.—In North King-street, mr. Lundy, brazier —At Drumcondra, mr. Benj. Flint, jun. callico printer, common council-man for the corporation of weavers.—At lord Castle-Coote's, St. Stephen's-green, on Friday morning last, mrs. Anne Tilson, relict of the rev. Henry Tilson, daughter of William Bushe, esq. formerly of Cork-abbey, and mother to lady Castlecoote and mrs. Magan—mr. Henry Bamber, postmaster of Moira—In Abbey-street, in an advanced age, of a paralytic stroke, mr. Marlow—In Ards, co. Donegal, mr. John Caldwell —In London, earl Macartney—In Brunswick-street, mrs. Eliz. Kernan—At his father's house Marlborough-street, (to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him, Thomas Parsons Cuthbert, esq. aged 21—At Drumcondra, mrs. Mary Bryan, relict of the late mr. George Bryan, of Church-street—At Strabane, James Hamilton, esq.—In Stephen-street, after a short illness, mr. H. Russell, architect.—At Boatefield, near Dublin, mrs. Boate, wife of Redmond Boate, esq.—At Naas, of a consumption, mrs. Lowery, wife of Wm. Lowery, esq. paymaster of the Antrim militia—The celebrated G. F. Pinto, well known in the musical world—At Harold's cross, aged 20, Mr. S. Cuppaidge—At New Grove, county of Longford, in the 24th year of her age, mrs. M'Kiernan, wife of Peter M'Kiernan, esq.—In Crampton-court, mr. Michael Doyle, cooper—In Cork, sir James Chatterton, bart. deservedly lamented—At Galway, mrs. Power, relict of the late Andrew power, of Loughrea, esq.—At Mullingar, miss Mary Dowd—At Donnybrook, at an advanced age, mrs. Price, relict of the late Samuel Price, esq.—At Leixlip, mr. Bartholomew Kelly.—In Capel-street, at the age of 19, to the inexpressible grief of his parents, Christopher M'Mullen, eldest son of Alexander M'Mullen, apothecary; Suddenly at Arbour-hill, mr. E. Bently, aged 67, sincerely and universally regretted by a numerous acquaintance. In Pill-lane, mr. Corcoran, shoemaker—In Drumcondra mrs. Wallace, wife of mr. John Wallace, stationer—In Whitefriar-street, mrs. Sarah Coghlan mr. Joseph Hill, printer—mr. William Trooke, merchant, Abbey-street.

James Barry Esq.r Late R.A

From a Picture Painted by himself about the Year 1783